The Nation.
November 3, 1979 31

ETENST * 81 1079
E.TENN.ST.UNIV.
PER.DPT.SHERROD LBR
JOHNSON CITY, TN 37601

EDITORIAL

BANK THE MISSILES

Though West Germany and other European nations apparently agree with Henry Kissinger's gloomy view that the United States will never immolate itself in a nuclear war to save them, they are hesitant about proceeding with plans to station new intermediate-range Pershing and cruise missiles on their soil.

Right now, the missiles-in-Europe problem resolves itself into two issues: where to put them and whether to station them before going ahead with arms-reduction talks. We have a modest suggestion for solving this problem: a Swiss Missile Bank. Here is how it would work. The new missiles would all be stationed in Switzerland, placed in an escrow "account" for each NATO nation by the United States. The advantages of Switzerland as a missile depository are readily apparent. The rectitude and probity of the Swiss bankers who would oversee the missile bank are justly famed, and the Pershings and cruises would be as secure as the ill-gotten hoard of any ex-dictator. Of course, the missiles could not actually be stored in real Swiss banks but the plenitude of Alps in the country suggests obvious alternate storage sites. Thus protected, the missiles would be harder to target than a movable MX; yet should the Soviet hordes overrun Europe, the tactful Swiss bankers would allow an immediate "withdrawal."

Thus, no other country in Europe need have missiles within its borders, and Chairman Leonid Brezhnev would be held to his promise not to attack any country that does not accept the new missiles. Switzerland's reputation for neutrality is as impeccable as its reputation for banking, so the Soviet Union need fear no first strikes from that quarter. And with the missile problem solved, NATO and the Warsaw Pact powers could get on with serious SALT III discussions—which they should anyhow.

CONNALLY'S PLOY
Arthur H. Samuelson

P.L.O. POLITICS
Martin Garbus

NUCLEAR CIVIL LIBERTIES
John Shattuck

FARBER REVISITED
James Goodale

JAMES BALDWIN
Margo Jefferson

TOM WOLFE
John Romano

SYMPOSIUM

A PEACE ISRAEL CAN LIVE WITH

In the debate in this country about the Middle East, the official views on both the Palestinian and Israeli sides are often heard, but the richness and diversity of the talks going on among Israelis outside the Government seem not to have survived the trans-Atlantic passage. To listen in on their views, as it were, we have asked a number of Israeli intellectuals for their comments on the following questions: "Under what conditions, if any, would the creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip become acceptable to you? And how would you like to see political accommodation with the Palestinians come about?" In this issue we publish the first of these responses, from three Israelis. We will be publishing others in the coming weeks. —The Editors

AVRAHAM B. YEHOSHUA

The right to self-determination is a fundamental right, indeed, one of the most important existential needs today. Over the course of the last century, the Palestinians became a people. As such, they are absolutely entitled to implement the right of self-determination in their homeland. Self-determination for the Palestinians could be in the form of an independent state consisting only of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, or within the framework of a Jordanian-Palestinian state including both these territories and the Kingdom of Jordan, in which one million Palestinians and three-quarters of a million Jordanians now live.

Were the Palestinians to ask for my advice, I would recommend the Jordanian-Palestinian framework. It would enable them to concentrate

(Continued on Page 423)

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

KNEE-JERK ALLEY

Saginaw, Mich.

. . . I think your "knee-jerk liberalism" leads you into strange alleys at times. Maybe you don't take liberties with the truth, but you certainly exhibit great bias in one direction. On rare occasion your editorials touch on subjects about which I have greater than average knowledge ["Getting the F.T.C.," *The Nation*, Oct. 13]. . . .

The Saginaw County Medical Mediation Committee, of which I have been chairman for several years, has at times discussed fees with doctors who seem regularly to charge exorbitantly, and tried to bring a little peer pressure. Enter the Federal Trade Commission.

In 1975, the U.S. Supreme Court found that fee schedules published by professional associations constitute price fixing, a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. I have no serious quarrel with that decision. However, that decision has been used by the F.T.C., as well as by doctors, in court in the reverse, Catch-22 situation of complaint that peers have no right to try to reduce doctors' fees, since such action would be similarly prohibited by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. In U.S. District Court in California in October 1977 it was decided that the county veterinarian association was in restraint of trade if it reviewed complaints about members' fees or made any recommendations. A case has been filed by a plastic surgeon in the U.S. District Court in Maryland that a number of organizations, including the county medical society, violate the law when they review his fees and make suggestions. Thus tightens the noose of Federal control.

John O. Goodsell, M.D.

JUSTIFIED JUXTAPOSITION?

Washington

I write regarding *The Nation*'s concurrent publication of Ramsey Clark's article "Israel's War on Lebanon" and "A Rejoinder" by Yehuda Blum [Sept. 15].

Ramsey Clark visited Lebanon as a member of a fact-finding delegation to observe the situation there, most importantly in South Lebanon. He writes solely of his observations and opinions, making no claim to represent the conclusions or the consensus of all members of the delegation. On the other hand, Yehuda Blum is the Israeli Government's official representative to the United Nations, and therefore represents Israeli policy and writes in its defense.

I find the editorial decision to juxtapose these two statements difficult to accept. It appears as an effort to counter the evaluations and experiences of Ramsey Clark with official justifications of Israeli policy by the Israeli Government.

I seriously question whether the Johnson Administration's rationalizations for B-52 bombing missions over North Vietnam would ever have been accepted as legitimate rejoinders or rebuttals to eyewitness accounts by the readers of *The Nation*.

Priscilla Norris, Coordinator
Middle East Resource Center

Our intention was not to "counter" Ramsey Clark's reporting; it was to inform our readers additionally of the Israeli Government's position on the charges Clark made. Ambassador Blum's rejoinder offered a perhaps predictable "official" interpretation of Israeli actions in Lebanon, which at best lent perspective to Clark's report and at worst —assuming, as Priscilla Norris apparently does, that it was totally erroneous—at least apprised readers of the rationalizations on which Israel's policies toward Lebanon are based.

—The Editors

IRELAND TO HARRINGTON

New York City

Michael Harrington is an old and valued friend, and I believe deeply in the importance of his political work. I'm proud to have been a founding member of his Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (indeed, I briefly served on its first national council). But I thought he deserved a public spanking for his role at the Memphis Midterm Democratic Convention, where he played a key role in keeping the issue of homosexual equality off the convention floor. I'm delighted that D.S.O.C. had endorsed the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, and to learn that D.S.O.C. sent a letter "to our entire leadership" urging participation [Michael Harrington, Letters, *The Nation*, Oct. 6]—although one might ask, why not to the entire *membership*?

However, Michael's insistence that he "was present in a representative capacity and that, at a minimum, [he] would have to consult the principal Democratic Agenda initiators in Memphis" before supporting the bringing of a gay civil rights resolution to the floor is pretty shoddy reasoning. Michael may have been the leader of the Democratic Agenda, but he was the *representative* of the citizens of New York who sent him to that convention. It is not unfair to point out that Michael was elected to the delegation by the 17th Congressional District, which includes Christopher Street. Weren't the thousands of homosexual citizens who inhabit Greenwich Village, SoHo, Tribeca and other parts of his district entitled to expect that some thought might be given to *their* civil rights?

I would like Michael to be as passionately committed to the struggle for homosexual equality as he was to the black civil rights fight in the 1960s. But perhaps that is expecting too much: I see in the October 6 *New Republic* a review by Michael Harrington in which he observes that "In a time when people will talk about their sex lives on television, the real 'dirty little secret' of American society is inequality." Well, I'm afraid we homosexuals are going to have to continue talking about our sex lives on television and in magazines and every place we can until our sex lives no longer make us criminals in thirty states. Jimmy Breslin (and he ought to know) once observed that the Irish-American is afraid of two things: losing his paycheck and homosexuality. Michael has never been worried about the former, but the struggle against homophobia within one's own consciousness (like the struggle against one's own sexism) is a process both difficult and never-ending, for Michael as for us all. I suspect he needs to work a little harder at the task, until the issue of homosexual equality finds the place on the Democratic Agenda to which it is entitled.

Doug Ireland

CORRECTION

I wish to apologize for an error in my television column of October 6. French actress Danielle Darrieux was born in 1917, and is therefore not 70 years old as I had written.

Peter Sourian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 229, No. 14

COVER
Editorial: Bank the Missiles
Symposium:
A Peace Israel Can Live With — *Avraham B. Yehoshua, Shlomo Avineri, Yael Lotan*

LETTERS
418

EDITORIALS
419 Grandson of S. 1
420 Volckerized — *Robert Lekachman*
420 Big John's Deal — *Arthur H. Samuelson*
422 *Second Thoughts* — *Carey McWilliams*

ARTICLES
426 Breaking the Deadlock: The Politics of the P.L.O. — *Martin Garbus*
430 Safeguards & Civil Liberties: Nuclear Power and the Constitution — *John Shattuck*
433 Playing for High Steaks: The Meat Price Tip Sheet — *Wayne Swanson*
435 *Farber* Reconsidered: Reporters Have Rights Too — *James C. Goodale*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
437 Baldwin: Just Above My Head — *Margo Jefferson*
438 Wolfe: The Right Stuff — *John Romano*
440 Wolff: The Duke of Deception — *Ben Sonnenberg*
441 Book Notes: Nonfiction — *Don David Guttenplan*
441 Theater/Film — *Harold Clurman*
443 Indigenous Music — *Nat Hentoff*
444 Films — *Robert Hatch*
445 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*
Drawings by Jean-Claude Suarès

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor,* Sydne Silverstein; *Assistant Editor,* Kai Bird; *Editorial Assistants,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Karen Wilcox, Amy Wilentz; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Lawrence Alloway; *Dance,* Nancy Goldner; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Indigenous Music,* Nat Hentoff; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Press,* Richard Pollak; *Television,* Peter Sourian; *Theater,* Harold Clurman; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Bonn,* C. Amery; *Canberra,* C.P. Fitzgerald; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Carey McWilliams (*Second Thoughts*), Calvin Trillin (*Variations*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editor,* Blair Clark. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Alan Wolfe.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Melinda Miller; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager,* Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator,* Deborah Thomas; *Assistant to Publisher,* Karen Polk; *Classified,* Lindsey Weinraub; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

Grandson of S. 1

The goal of Federal criminal code revision is to take the thousands of scattered criminal laws passed by Congress since 1789 and replace them with a single code. We are all for the fairer, clearer, more effective and consistent arrangement contemplated by the revisionists. But we think it essential that the codification strengthen rather than undermine our liberties and democratic institutions.

In 1976, the liberal community, uneasy over the Watergate-type provisions included in the Nixon Administration's proposals on censorship, capital punishment and a host of other matters, helped kill the first codification effort, bill S. 1. Last year, S. 1 was born again, this time as S. 1437, with the support of such liberals as Senator Edward Kennedy. Although an improvement over the draconian S. 1, the bill, which passed the Senate but stalled in the House, contained too many dangerous provisions. It appeared to codify an official secrets act, contained loose language regarding the crime of conspiracy, introduced the new crime of "criminal solicitation" and contained retrogressive sections on sentencing, probation and parole.

Now we are confronted with what might be called Grandson of S. 1. Representative Robert Drinan, chairman of the Subcommittee on Criminal Justice of the House Committee on the Judiciary, has made a commitment to have his code-revision bill (as yet unnumbered) reported to the full committee in early November.

According to public-interest advocates, the Drinan bill, although weak in its approach to white-collar crime (what consumer activist Mark Green calls "crime in the suites"), is on the whole less threatening to civil liberties than the old or even the new Kennedy bill (S. 1722), and the main danger is that the improvements in the Drinan bill will be compromised when a Senate-House conference takes up the different versions. But such judgments are at best tentative. Drinan, in the past a progressive stalwart, seems adamant in his in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention to report Grandson of S.1 out of his subcommittee this week. The result: hearings without record, voice votes, "floating" quorums and a parade of witnesses who complain about receiving the latest draft of the bill (filled with hundreds of bracketed alternatives) only days before they are required to give in-depth testimony.

Beyond that, there is no single version of criminal code reform for the public to study or upon which to base comments. At last count, there were at least seven different documents, each hundreds of pages long, which were being circulated—two in the Senate and five in the House—including the report of the 1978 House judiciary subcommittee, which concluded that it was "neither essential nor desirable" to enact the proposed recodification.

We don't reach that conclusion. We do believe, however, that the public lacks any basis on which to give its informed consent to this important legislation. Recently, for instance, Representative Drinan permitted language back into the bill that might put the Federal Government in the censorship-of-obscenity business. No generally disseminated reprints of the language are yet available, but the process itself is an obscenity.

Volckerized

Paul Volcker, our home-grown Savonarola at the Federal Reserve, is at it again. Recently he warned his parishioners, courtesy of the Joint Economic Committee, that "The standard of living of the average American has to decline. I don't think you can escape that." Certainly Volcker and his colleagues, busily sponsoring the depression of 1980, cannot be faulted for their role in arranging for the inevitable to occur sooner rather than later.

As a loyal American economist, I do my best to help my leaders. First, then, a reminder for Volcker. Some Americans, quite a few of them, are already tightening their belts. This year's typical union contract increased wages 7.6 percent, a bit less than two-thirds of the inflation rate. A decline in real wages of 4 to 5 percent should reassure our hero. In my suffering metropolis, the Big Apple itself, the municipal unions have been making do somehow with 4-percent annual pay hikes. In California, Proposition 13 has diminished living standards for consumers of public services such as libraries and summer schools. New York State has not increased cash grants to welfare recipients since 1974—yes, I said 1974. Out of the notorious kindness of his heart, Mayor Edward Koch has asked for a 10 percent increase which, students of the legislature agree, he is unlikely to get. But, then, he is not trying very hard.

Next, a suggestion about how the ambit of sacrifice can be widened. I may be naïve, but I am willing to believe that the rich, like the rest of us, have feelings. Prick them and they will bleed. Club them and they will bruise. Speak harshly to them and they will sulk. Therefore, I take Du Pont's head man, Irving Shapiro, at his word when, just before driving away from a Business Council meeting in his black limousine, he told a reporter that he was ready to accept short-run sacrifices, the better to vanquish the inflation dragon.

How can Shapiro and his friends, associates and subordinates enlist in this great crusade? Well, here are three possibilities. In the wake of the Napoleonic wars, the great English economist David Ricardo, himself a rich man and a substantial landowner, advocated a tax on wealth to retire the British national debt and counter the dangerous inflation which lingered even after Waterloo. Why not, then, a 1 percent levy on stocks, bonds, objets d'art and liquid assets? Just to encourage the American majority, I'd exempt the first $75,000 of assets from my tax.

If this modest notion is too radical, how about restoring some of the lost progression in the personal income tax and closing a few of the more flagrant loopholes? At the end of the Korean War, personal income tax rates ranged from 20 to 91 percent. Solicitous Congresses have reduced that spread to 14 to 50 percent on earned income and 14 to 70 percent on property income.

Here is a third possibility. Walter Heller has suggested a $30 billion slash in Social Security taxes. This excellent proposal would reduce inflationary pressure by increasing take-home pay and reducing business costs at a single stroke. But even better would be conversion of Social Security into a progressive tax, very low on the initial $10,000 of earnings and very high on the rewards of the more fortunate.

The Federal Reserve, which is apparently operating the only economic policy in Washington, is well launched on programs that will distribute the costs of fighting inflation with outrageous inequity. The sooner paralyzed liberals in Congress and elsewhere wake up to the situation, the better for all of us, and the officeholders in particular.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, the City University of New York, and a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

Big John's Deal

For the last decade, at least, it seemed the only issue that right and left could agree on in this country was the justness of Israel's position in the face of overwhelming Arab hostility. Gallant little Israel was a popular cause, a sure-fire vote-getter, and candidates for every office imaginable made sure to have a good word to say about that country's noteworthy achievement, heroism and importance to our own defense.

This is no longer the case. In fact, a new consensus is rapidly emerging based on the opposite proposition—that Israel's stance on the major issues dividing it from the Arab world is no longer just or reasonable. One by one, the traditional pillars of support for Israel's policies are giving way. The shift among blacks is most loudly pronounced, but there have also been significant defections from among Israel's staunchest liberal supporters over certain aspects of its policy. There is, in addition, a growing discomfort within the Jewish community over Prime Minister Menachem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Begin's settlement policy, as evidenced by recent statements of prominent Jewish intellectuals as well as by the telling silence on the part of the leaders of Jewish organizations who feel they can neither support nor oppose Israeli policy.

Now "Big John" Connally has earned the distinction of becoming the first Presidential contender to campaign on an explicitly anti-Israel platform. Smelling blood, Connally has been the first to try to shape the new ambivalence toward Israel to his advantage, arguing that Israel's policies in the West Bank are inimical to America's interests and that the United States should push Israel to withdraw from the occupied territories in order to protect its supply of oil from the Arab world. It may well be that Israel should do as he says and return to its 1967 borders in exchange for a peace settlement with the Arabs. There are, in fact, many Israelis who believe that to do so is the only way to secure their country's future. There are also many Israelis who despair of their Government adopting such a policy, and more than a few are openly calling on America to protect Israel from the unrealistic dreams of its ailing Prime Minister.

But by making a spurious linkage between support for Israel and Arab oil supply, Connally has unwittingly or wittingly made American support for Israel, and not for its policies, subject to public debate. This is both wrong and dangerous, for there is an insidious logic inherent in his reasoning that the Arabs cannot possibly overlook. If the United States can insure oil supplies by pushing Israel to its previous borders, just think how much bigger a reward it could win by withdrawing its support for Israel altogether. Connally's statements are not just bad for Israel, they are also harmful for America. Connally has more than just accepted the possibility of a renewed oil embargo, he has justified one, and in doing so invited blackmail.

Nonetheless, Connally's candor is praiseworthy. For all too long, public debate over the Middle East has been characterized by a marked dishonesty on the part of aspirants for public office. Rather than put forward how they plan to break the impasse in American-Israeli relations that has remained constant since 1967, they fall over one another in praise of Israel's virtues. This both obscures the real issue and leads to an inevitable sense of betrayal on the part of Israel's supporters once the election is over. For regardless of the winner, American policy has remained unchanged through four Administrations. By making American and Israeli policies an issue, Connally has in one stroke introduced an element of truthfulness into the campaign and put to the lie the notion that Israel's best friends are to be found on the right of the American political spectrum.

Yet Israel's supporters, whether they agree or disagree with Israel's leaders, are rightfully worried about the dangers involved in the new turn the debate has taken. There is a thin line separating opposition to what Israel does and what Israel is, between anti-Beginism, anti-Israelism and anti-Semitism. The distinctions are fine and can be easily blurred, to the detriment of all. Jesse Jackson walked that thin line and lost his balance, using anti-Semitic imagery, if not rhetoric, to convey a message that was essentially reasonable, though motivated less by principle than opportunism—that both Israelis and Palestinians should renounce violence for mutual recognition and peace. Andrew Young, who generally handled himself with dignity worthy of admiration, made a similar error when he said that American Jews should repent on Yom Kippur for Israel's bombing of Lebanon, thus blaming citizens of this country for the sins of another. No matter how innocent the intent, comments such as these give sanction to anti-Semitism, and distract from the real issues at hand.

The media have not been entirely sure-handed in hewing to these distinctions either. There is a spreading tendency to treat the Middle East situation as a zero-sum game. Growing popular recognition of the need to find a solution to Palestinian homelessness is too often incorrectly translated into proof of declining American support for Israel, when in fact what is at question is not Israel's existence but rejection of some of its policies. The shift in American public opinion toward including the Palestinians in an eventual settlement comes into clearer focus when one considers a recent Israeli poll showing 61 percent of the Israeli public in favor of negotiating with the Palestine Liberation Organization when and if the P.L.O. recognizes Israel's right to exist. Surely, these Israelis cannot be described as opposed to their nation's existence; it would be equally foolish to report or argue that Americans who think the same way have turned their backs on Israel.

And yet Israel's strongest supporters in this country are not above doing precisely that, equating growing sympathy for Palestinian distress with anti-Israeli or anti-Semitic sentiment. If it is wrong for Jesse Jackson to speak condescendingly of Jewish "overreaction" to the Holocaust, then surely it cannot be right for Israel's supporters to use the Holocaust as a sledgehammer against any who oppose only Israel's right to expand its border, not its right to exist. An example of this tendency was the distribution, by the American Israel Public Affairs Committee last year, of copies of Gerald Green's *Holocaust* to members of Congress, accompanied by a letter urging a nay vote on arms to Saudi Arabia. Such tactics, if used in the coming Presidential election year, can only demean both the Holocaust and the forum of public debate. They are also inevitably counterproductive, for they quickly lose their power to intimidate, thus creating precisely the insensitivity to Jewish vulnerability they are meant to combat.

Connally's statements make it clear that this is to be the Year of the Middle East. It could have come sooner; any later would be too late to prevent a new Middle East war. The degree to which we have avoided confronting the issues in the past indicates their explosive nature. Yet as long as we are all in agreement that it is America's support of Israeli policies and not America's support of Israel's right to exist that is in question, the debate need not be irreparably divisive or harmful. To the contrary, Israel, the Arabs and we ourselves are best served by a President who has stated his views on the Middle East fully during the campaign and whose election gives him a clear mandate to carry them out.

ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON

ETSU LIBRARY

Arthur H. Samuelson is an editor and journalist who specializes in writing about Israel and the American Jewish community.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

It is not too early to launch a full-scale discussion of the implications of the projected 1981 plebiscite on the future status of Puerto Rico. The plebiscite could become an issue in the 1980 campaign; the ramifications are far-ranging and raise sensitive issues that warrant a careful weighing of the various possible American responses. How Washington reacts could have a major impact throughout the Caribbean.

Puerto Rico has been a colonial or semicolonial dependency since 1898 and has suffered the usual economic consequences. The island once had a rich agricultural potential but decades of exploitation have disrupted that economic base. Today, about 40 percent of its agricultural land lies fallow and the island imports annually $1.2 billion worth of food, including coffee and plantains, which can be grown there in abundance (see Ellen Hume and Don Shannon, *The Los Angeles Times*, September 2). Per capita income is $2,800—twice as high as some of its neighbors, but the cost of living is about 20 percent higher than in the United States. Most jobs fall in the "vulnerable" industrial sectors—tobacco, apparel, textiles and leather goods—dependent on low wages and highly susceptible to market fluctuations. Some 53 percent of the island's families receive food stamps, calling in a Federal subsidy of $915 million in 1980.

Thus, while Puerto Rico provides a profitable market for some mainland businesses, it constitutes a severe drain on the Federal budget. Residents and businesses are exempt from Federal income taxes but remain subject to most U.S. laws. Of course Puerto Rico is regarded as a jewel by the U.S. Navy, which has long used the island of Vieques to practice bombing missions; Roosevelt Roads, on the far eastern end of Puerto Rico, is the largest U.S. naval base in the world. There, U.S. and NATO personnel participate in various forms of combat training each year in all sorts of naval warfare. Since the flare-up over the Soviet "combat brigade" in Cuba, Puerto Rico has gained in strategic importance.

Commonwealth status, a clever invention of Luis Muñoz Marin, Governor from 1948 to 1964, helped create an anomalous relationship; it provided a somewhat larger area of local autonomy but did not change the basic colonial dependency. The leader of the traditional anti-statehood Popular Democratic Party, Hernández Colon, who was Governor from 1972 to 1976, now advocates Puerto Rican control over wages, trade and immigration and other measures designed to give the island a larger measure of autonomy. Next year he will oppose Gov. Romero Barceló, who heads the pro-statehood New Progressive Party, which apparently has majority support at the moment. So the options in the plebiscite will be: continuation of Commonwealth status redefined, statehood or independence, with the statehood party favored to win. That Puerto Rico was taken over in a war of conquest and has been held as a dependency for eighty-one years creates a moral obligation on Washington's part to respond favorably to whichever of the three courses its 3,200,000 residents choose. Some 200,000 Puerto Ricans have been killed while serving in the U.S. armed forces—a sacrifice that compounds the obligation of the United States to respect Puerto Rican self-determination.

As a state, Puerto Rico would be eligible for heavier subsidies, which would be largely covered, so it is argued, by new Federal taxes. But statehood presents some sticky political problems. Statehood, if voted, is not likely to be given a substantial mandate, and the independence movement will not fade. Indeed, it is certain to become more militant should statehood be approved by a narrow margin. Rejection of statehood by Congress (a simple majority vote is sufficient) would exacerbate Puerto Rican anti-Americanism. The independence party wants freedom with a Marshall Plan and that in turn raises some political problems. A modified Commonwealth status would simply continue the present relationship. Should statehood be voted, it would involve adding two new members to the Senate and seven to the House, which might upset the existing political balance of power. At present, Puerto Ricans cannot vote in a Presidential election, but next year, primaries are to be held on the island as part of an effort, so it has been charged, to draw Puerto Rico even more under U.S. domination—for reasons more involved with military strategy than with politics.

However the plebiscite turns out, this country's response will have a major impact in the Caribbean, at the United Nations and throughout Latin America. And a significant domestic political consideration is involved: the Hispanic vote on the East Coast is nowadays substantial and it might well be augmented by the Hispanic vote in the Southwest. Nationwide, the Hispanic constituency is larger than it has ever been, and it is growing all the time. There are those who insist that no plebiscite in Puerto Rico can be meaningful as long as the island is under colonial rule; only a free people, it is said, can make a free choice. But requiring a transfer of sovereignty prior to self-determination would present some serious practical problems.

Statehood with conditions could of course be approved by the Congress, just as independence might be granted on the basis of negotiation. For the long run, a grant of independence might be the best decision. It is difficult to imagine that the passion of this Spanish-speaking people for independence, for nationhood, which has been inflamed by years of colonial and semicolonial subjugation, can ever be satisfied short of complete—or let's say, negotiated—independence. If the British should get out of Northern Ireland, and they should, so Puerto Ricans should be given a free option to determine their own status. It is certainly not for us to impose our views on them; we have done that for too long. A statehood vote that was not virtually unanimous would almost certainly be challenged and might set the stage for endless agitation, violence and contention. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SYMPOSIUM.

Avraham B. Yehoshua

(Continued From Front Cover)

in one state the overwhelming majority of the Palestinian people and to absorb all the Palestinian refugees now dispersed in the various Arab countries. Such a state would have a natural and geographic link to the rest of the Arab world (Saudia Arabia, Iraq, Syria) and would, because of its size (approximately 97,000 square kilometers), have great developmental potential.

But this is only the *opinion* of a bystander. I believe that Israel's own direct interest would be a small Palestinian state in preference to a large Jordanian-Palestinian one. But the Palestinians will have to decide *for themselves* on the character, scope and framework of the implementation of their right to self-determination. From the way things look currently, it seems clear that the Palestinians feel the need to go it alone, that is, to aim for a purely Palestinian state, even if it means a much smaller homeland. The Palestinian people need to create a national identity of their own that is separate from their pan-Arabic identity, which has been the dominant one because of thirty years of dispersion in the Arab world. The Palestinians must pass through a long phase of "Palestinian purism."

It seems to me that the necessary preconditions for the creation of a Palestinian state that would be in the interests of both Palestinians and Israelis are as follows:

(*1*) The borders of a Palestinian state should be based on Israel's 1967 borders, which means *all of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.*

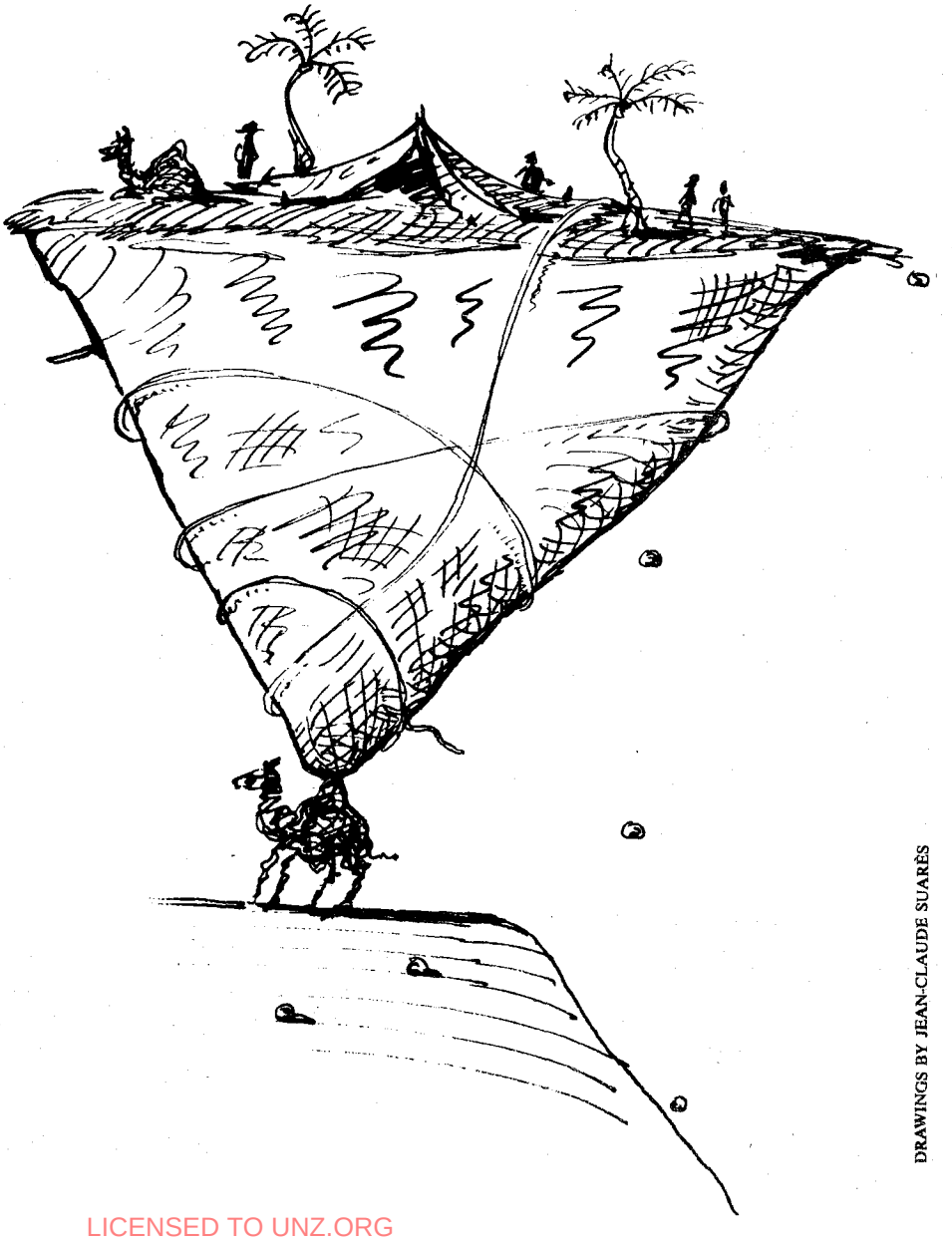
(*2*) East Jerusalem would be part of this state, but under a binational city government which would preserve the municipal unity of the city. The Jews would continue to control the sites that are holy to them in the Old City.

(*3*) All Jewish settlements built in the West Bank and Gaza Strip since 1967 must be dismantled.

(*4*) The Palestinian state would be permanently demilitarized and all heavy weaponry (tanks, cannons and jets) forbidden. Compliance would be supervised by an international force stationed on Palestinian territory, and by regular Israeli Air Force patrols. Such monitoring is necessary because of the inherent and permanent inequality between Israel, with three million citizens, and the Arab world with 100 million. An army equipped with heavy weaponry located only a few kilometers from Israel's population centers would be a constant threat to Israel, with its back to the sea. Such an army would force Israel to maintain large numbers of soldiers on constant alert, making life impossible even under conditions of full peace.

(*5*) Israel would maintain military bases on the Jordan River for ten to twenty years, in order to make certain that no foreign army would be able to cross the river in a surprise attack. This would be necessary until the *entire* Arab world has agreed to full coexistence with Israel. (After all, the width of Israel and the Palestinian state combined—that is, from the Mediterranean to the Jordan River—would be only forty-five miles.) Only after many years, when there is full peace between Israel and all other nations in the Middle East, should the gradual removal of these bases begin.

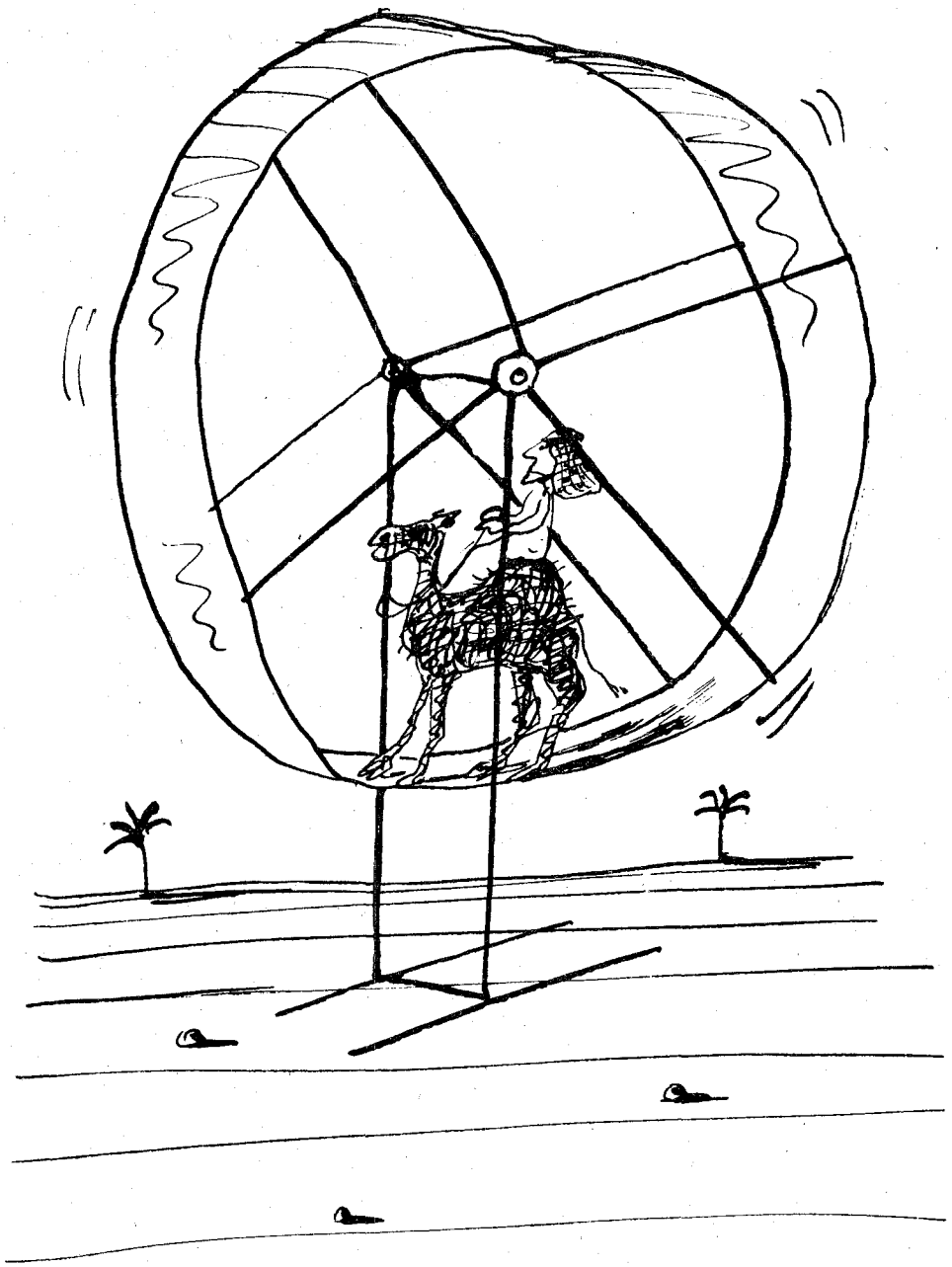
(*6*) The problem of the Palestinian refugees from the 1948 war (the core of the Palestinian refugee problem) will be resolved once and for all by the creation of an independent Palestinian state which would serve as the home of *all* refugees who desire to return to their



DRAWINGS BY JEAN-CLAUDE SUARÈS

Avraham B. Yehoshua is an Israeli novelist whose most recent book is The Lover *(Doubleday). This article was translated from the Hebrew by Arthur H. Samuelson.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



homeland. I purposefully write "to their homeland" and not "to their home," for there is a crucial difference between the two. A Palestinian refugee who is now living in a Lebanese refugee camp will be able to return to his homeland in Palestine, the area where the Palestinian state will be located. He will not be able to return to his former home, which has been a part of Israel since 1949. To do so would necessitate the uprooting of a Jew from his home, turning a Jew into a refugee so that a Palestinian may live in a house (that most likely no longer physically exists) in a state that is not his own. In geographical terms: A Palestinian refugee from Haifa, for example, would be able to return to Jenin, which would be part of a Palestinian state in the Palestinian homeland, only fifteen miles from Haifa. But he would not be able to return to Haifa, which is part of Israel. There is no point in first creating a Palestinian state and then forcing the Palestinian refugees to live still in exile, under foreign—i.e., Israeli—rule.

(*7*) A well-endowed fund should be established and financed by the Arab countries (who were responsible for sabotaging the United Nations Partition Plan of 1947) to offer comprehensive aid annually to the Palestinian state. I regard this fund as an essential element of any peace treaty. This aid would make it possible for the Palestinian state to develop a modern economy which could adequately absorb the refugees, create industry and jobs and raise the general standard of living. It will be especially important for the Palestinian state to develop independent sources of employment so as to avoid becoming a source of cheap labor for Israel. Since its territory will be small, and its population large (approximately two million in the near future), the Palestinian state will require large-scale assistance to develop an industrial base out of an agricultural one. The human and professional resources of the Palestinians are extremely high.

(*8*) The Palestinian state must live in peace with Israel; the borders must be open. Diplomatic and commercial relations will be established. The Palestinian state will be completely responsible for all acts of terror and violence against Israel, and, to the extent that such incidents persist, the state will be responsible before Israel and the world for such actions.

These are, in my opinion, the irreducible principles for any settlement. They are not intended as opening bargaining chips but as final goals. Should the Palestine Liberation Organization be prepared to recognize Israel's right of existence, I will regard it as the legitimate partner for negotiations with Israel.

I would like to add a few words about the role of the United States. For many years, and during the past decade especially, the United States has offered massive support to the state of Israel. Foremost among the reasons for this support were moral considerations: the obligation to help a people which emerged wounded to the point of death from World War II, recognition of the right of the Jews to self-determination, and support of a democratic state. The American support of Israel will be recorded in American history as a shining, indelible moral act (as opposed to its support of the Shah of Iran and of fascist regimes in South America). The United States has not always agreed with the policies of Israel but the principle of nonintervention and respect of the freedom of others to make mistakes is also a genuine and admirable American principle.

For the duration of the difficult road to negotiations with the Palestinians, the United States will have to express its opinion, offer its good offices and assist both sides to reach a settlement *by themselves*, just as it did with the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. There is real danger in any imposed peace.

But on one issue, the United States must intervene. It has the moral obligation to do everything it can to halt the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creation of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, for they represent the most dangerous obstacle to peace. Israel is theoretically entitled to demand border rectifications and even make minor territorial claims, and it is entitled to attempt to obtain them through negotiations with the Palestinians. But it cannot create *faits accompli* that negate in advance any possibility of negotiations. It is the *moral* obligation of the United States to prevent with all its power (and it has the power) the proliferation of these civilian settlements in the West Bank. Had someone stopped the British-Scottish settlement of Ireland during the last hundred years, the Irish problem would not exist. □

Shlomo Avineri

A Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip does not seem to me to be the way out of the present impasse in the Middle East because it cannot really solve the Palestinian problem. There are today between two and a half and three million Palestinians. Only 900,000 of them live on the West Bank and in Gaza. One million live in Jordan, on the East Bank; about 300,000 live in refugee camps in Lebanon, and have totally disrupted the political fabric of that country. The rest live in Syria or are dispersed all over the Middle East, especially in the Persian Gulf states where they comprise the intellectual and technological elite in most of these smaller and underpopulated growth areas.

If a West Bank-Gaza state came into being tomorrow, it would leave the million Palestinians who live in Jordan outside the pale of this newly established Palestinian national entity. Furthermore, such a small state, already very densely populated, will not be able to rehabilitate the refugees from the Lebanon and Gaza camps within its cramped borders. The West Bank has been a catchment area for refugees over the last two generations, and it cannot serve as an infrastructure for either the agricultural or urban developments needed to rehabilitate these people. And any solution that leaves the refugees lingering in the camps will fail to solve the human and political problems involved in their continued status as refugees; it neither alleviates their plight nor creates the stability that is a precondition for a lasting and comprehensive peace in the area.

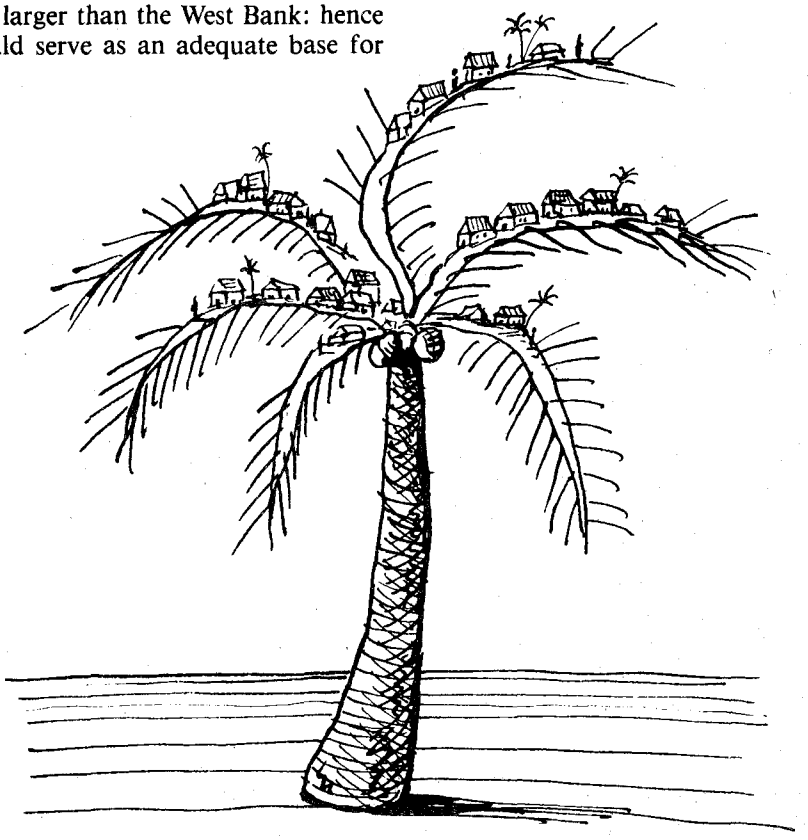
One must thus envisage a solution to the Palestinian problem in a wider context than the West Bank and Gaza, and here the pivotal role of Jordan emerges.

What one tends to forget is that today Jordan is a country with a Palestinian majority. The majority of Jordan's business and educated classes are Palestinians: its metropolis, Amman, is mainly a Palestinian city, with the native Bedouin Transjordanian population in the minority. The Jordanian Cabinet numbers some very prominent Palestinians, the Jordanian Army today is manned and officered by many Palestinians, the Jordanian Ambassador to the United Nations is a Palestinian from East Jerusalem, etc., etc. Pre-1967 Jordan, where the East Bankers, the Bedouins, ruled over a recalcitrant Palestinian population, is a thing of the past. The nucleus of a Palestinian state—moderate, willing to cooperate with Israel, nonterroristic—already exists in Jordan.

The East Bank of the Jordan is *ten times* larger than the West Bank: hence it could serve as an adequate base for the rehabilitation of the refugees; a solution making both banks of the Jordan the Palestinian homeland would involve a majority of the Palestinian people. Such a state could agree to a demilitarization of its western province, the West Bank, comprising only about 10 percent of its land area, thus giving Israel the feeling of relative security it would need if it is to evacuate the West Bank and Gaza. But an independent mini-state on the West Bank and Gaza would find it difficult to demilitarize the *entirety* of its area at the insistence of Israel. This would be justly conceived as an emasculation of its independence and international standing.

The Palestine Liberation Organization's contention that a West Bank-Gaza state would be a "Bantustan" may be right. It underlies their desire for the ultimate elimination of Israel. A credible answer to this objection would be enlarging the area of the Palestinian state so that it would include the largest possible number of Palestinians, and this can be done only if the East Bank—Jordan—would be included in the Palestinian entity.

In short, the Palestinians have a right to establish a state of their own; the nucleus of such a state already exists in Jordan, east of the river; the Palestinian entity should encompass *both* the East Bank of Jordan and the West Bank and



Shlomo Avineri, professor of political science at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is the author of The Social and Political Thought of Karl Marx *and* Israel and the Palestinians. *He served as Director General of Israel's Ministry for Foreign Affairs under the Labor Government of Yitzhak Rabin.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaza; it will thus encompass more than 70 percent of the Palestinian people and its area will be extensive enough to rehabilitate the refugees in the camps in Lebanon and elsewhere. Such a country can be at once an adequate expression of Palestinian nationalism and sufficiently viable to be a force for stability in the area. Whether it will be called Palestine, Palestine-Jordan, the United Arab Kingdom or the Republic of Palestine will be up to its population: but the Palestinian people cannot and should not be dissected into two states—a West Bank-Gaza state on the one hand and the Kingdom of Jordan on the other.

Can King Hussein be the linchpin for such a solution? There is no doubt that he can enter into meaningful negotiations with Israel only if he gets the blessing—overt or covert—of the more moderate elements within the P.L.O. If this happens, the present stalemate in which Israel and the P.L.O. are locked into a morass of mutual nonrecognition can be breached, and a new beginning for Israeli-Palestinian coexistence can be envisaged, predicated on the right of each people to live in a sovereign state expressing its own national identity. □

Yael Lotan

To answer your questions I must first point out a number of facts which have become painfully obvious to anyone who knows Israel. In the past ten years there has been a grave deterioration in all spheres of life in Israel. The country is in an acute crisis economically, socially, morally and politically (i.e., on the international level). If it was more secure in a military sense, perhaps one could accept all the other ills as inescapable sacrifices. But in reality the situation is very far from secure—bombs go off everywhere, public buildings are like fortresses, shells still fall on the cities and villages of the north, and the Israeli Army is embroiled up to its eyebrows in Lebanon.

These facts are indisputable, and so is their root cause—the military occupation of the territories seized in 1967. All the fine phrases about "an enlightened occupation" have proved to be so much double talk, and the precious acquisitions have turned out to be a cancer that is destroying the body politic which was Israel.

Now, to pretend that the Palestinian people are a new discovery, an invention of the left or of the Third World, is disingenuous at best. Palestinian Arab nationalism began in the 1920s, and has been a continuous struggle ever since. In 1947, the United Nations resolved that there should be two independent states in what was then British Mandatory Palestine, a Jewish and an Arab state. Granted, it is no fault of ours that the Palestinians were not allowed to achieve political independence then—but it should be plain by now that it is impossible to keep them down by force and still retain a semblance of political stability. King Hussein found this out; Israel is finding it out today.

What then should we do? In my opinion *nothing* is worse than the continued occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. No mystagogical formulations will ever make it an acceptable status for the inhabitants. Their repression is undoing us all, and the Zionist dream is fast turning into a nightmare. We must therefore resolve to get out—not negotiate or haggle but simply *get out of there*. We may also express our hope that the political entity that will arise after our departure will see fit to establish neighborly relations with Israel. (I think they will want to do this for obvious reasons, one of them being the physical separation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.) Israel may also warn against any attempted buildup of offensive weaponry in these territories—and make it clear that it will act before such a buildup reaches threatening proportions.

But whatever happens after we evacuate these areas will be infinitely better than what is going on now. Israel before 1967 was a modest, decent and respectable little country, and the morale of its citizens was high. Today it is acting out a miniature *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, while remaining a beggar dependent on the handouts of friends. An independent Palestine is the only chance Israel has of surviving the twentieth century. With a bit of luck, we may even learn to become good neighbors. □

Yael Lotan is editor of Ariel, *a quarterly magazine on Israeli art and culture sponsored by the Foreign Ministry of the Government of Israel.*

ARTICLES.

BREAKING THE DEADLOCK

The Politics of The P.L.O.

MARTIN GARBUS

The current deadlock in the talks on autonomy for the peoples of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip underscores the indispensable role of the Palestinians in the peace process set in motion by the Camp David agreements. A lasting Middle Eastern peace settlement is impossible without addressing the demands of the Palestinians for self-determination, yet they are absent from the bargaining table, and the one body that claims to speak for their interests—the Palestine Liberation Organization—is denied recognition by two of the parties to the talks. The Government of Israel refuses to accord diplomatic legitimacy to "terrorists" bent upon the destruction of Israel, and the United States supports its position. As President Carter said in his press conference of October 9, "We will not negotiate with the P.L.O. We will not recognize the P.L.O. until after the P.L.O. recognizes Israel's right to exist and endorses United Nations Resolution 242 as a basis for Middle East peace."

With equal obstinacy, the P.L.O. publicly withholds this recognition, although P.L.O. chief Yasir Arafat has emitted signals privately via third parties that he has sworn off terrorism and is ready to accept Resolution 242—if Israel recognizes the P.L.O.

Yet the political realities of the situation are more fluid than this diplomatic impasse suggests. Certainly, to Israel's discomfiture, the P.L.O. has gained considerable support as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bargaining agent for the Palestinian people in the last few years. Beginning with the conference of Arab nations at Rabat, Morocco, in 1974, when Jordan's King Hussein abandoned his nation's claim to speak for the Palestinians, more than one hundred sovereign nations have recognized the P.L.O. The Israelis say they cannot deal diplomatically with a group whose guiding National Covenant states: "The liberation of Palestine, from an Arab viewpoint, is a national duty to repulse the Zionist, Imperialist invasion from the great Arab homeland and to purge the Zionist presence from Palestine." But the P.L.O. covenant is not an immutable binding document. Actually, it is an evolving political statement that has been amended many times by the Palestine National Council.

For that matter, the P.L.O. is not a monolithic body, speaking with one voice. It is, rather, an umbrella organization composed of groups, factions and personalities representing a range of views. If we recognize that the diplomatic logjam is at bottom political and psychological, rather than legal, then an awareness of the factions and groups on the Palestinian side and what they stand for can at least highlight *political* realities, which present opportunities for circumventing the diplomatic impasse.

Within the P.L.O. there are nearly a dozen political parties—each with its own armed unit. Arafat, leader of Al Fatah, which he founded in 1965, is chairman of the P.L.O.'s governing fifteen-man Executive Committee. The Executive Committee was elected from the 300-member Palestine National Council, a body that convenes annually. The Executive Committee is dominated by Fatah. Very generally, the remainder of the P.L.O. can be divided into the groups that support Fatah's leadership and the "rejectionists" who, since 1974, have opposed what they claim is Arafat's eagerness to settle for "half of Palestine." Led by Dr. George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.), the rejectionist bloc has gained in political influence since Anwar el-Sadat's November 1977 visit to Jerusalem.

Militarily, however, the rejectionists are weak. They control less than 10 percent of the P.L.O.'s armed forces. Fatah can field 10,000 regular troops, plus another 10,000 militia. Under the terms of the Cairo Accords of 1969, the P.L.O. also governs the refugee camps in Lebanon where at least a quarter-million Palestinians live. The people in these camps are Arafat's constituency. And while the camps contain military bunkers, gun emplacements, training grounds and other military targets, they house a predominantly civilian population. Because of its governing responsibilities, the P.L.O. is not solely a military organization; it is also a cumbersome bureaucracy, set up to administer the refugee camps. It manages schools, hospitals, factories, vocational workshops and social clubs. Pension benefits, unemployment allowances, disability payments and aid to the widows of fallen "martyrs" are doled out by a rather centralized hierarchy of paper-pushing officials. (Arafat's brother, a physician, is in charge of the string of clinics and hospitals operated by the P.L.O.) There are trade unions, writers' associations, women's groups and a host of other social-welfare committees operated by the organization. Much of this bureaucracy is financed by payroll taxes on the earnings of Palestinians working in the oilfields of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates. Saudi Arabia also directly subsidizes the P.L.O.—and these payoffs in part explain why the organization is still dominated by an ideologically conservative leadership.

Arafat is no Marxist and hardly a revolutionary by any definition. Early in his career Arafat had connections with the extremely conservative Muslim Brotherhood organization. Arafat is first and foremost a nationalist. As an engineer he received his training in Abdel Nasser's Egypt and allegedly was once a partner in a large and profitable engineering firm in Kuwait. Despite the fractious nature of the coalition Arafat presides over, he has remained the single most important Palestinian leader for years. He has been "in office" longer than most other international figures. Thus, any discussion of the P.L.O. must start with his organization, Fatah.

Fatah's ability to endure is remarkable. William Quandt, until recently Zbigniew Brzezinski's Middle East adviser on the National Security Council, writing six years ago in *The Politics of Palestinian Nationalism*, made observations about Fatah that are as correct today as they were then:

> First, Fatah has been led by a small but relatively cohesive group of nationalists, several of whom have worked together for over a decade. Second, Fatah has developed a broad, nationalist appeal that can encompass supporters and recruits from nearly all ideological perspectives. Third, Fatah has declared its intention of avoiding inter-Arab quarrels, thus allowing it to receive aid and arms from Arab regimes as diverse as Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Algeria, Syria, and Egypt. Finally, the simplicity of Fatah's nationalist political goals makes them understandable to the large mass of poorly educated Palestinians. By contrast, other groups have often engaged in highly sophisticated ideological debates that have little meaning to most potential recruits.

Arafat, through the years, has stayed in power by skillfully treading through a political mine field. Given the traditional and badly fragmented society from which he drew his support, and facing, more often than not, hostility from nearly all of the Arab countries, he owes his survival to more than exploiting anti-Israel feelings among nations. The "moderates," under Arafat's direction from the start, were in control of the weapons and money of the movement and particularly of its institutions. They, being less revolutionary would, prior to Camp David, have been prepared to accept a nationalistic peace tinged with Arabism.

In the past, Arafat, speaking for all of the centrists and

Martin Garbus is a lawyer who has reported on civil liberties issues in South Africa, the Soviet Union and many other countries. In 1977 he worked on behalf of Anatoly Shcharansky and other Soviet dissidents. A former associate director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Mr. Garbus has taught at both Yale and Columbia University law schools. He is the author of Ready for the Defense *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Material for this article was collected in part during a trip to the Middle East last spring.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rightists of Fatah, has been able to count on the support of the Syrian-sponsored al Sa'iqa group (the second biggest organization after Fatah) and of the Marxist Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (D.F.L.P.) led by Nayef Hawatmeh, which also enjoyed Syrian support. Although Arafat tried to keep a broad base of Arab support, in the end he came to rely for money mainly on Saudi Arabia and the other conservative states of the Persian Gulf, as well as on Syria.

On their part, the rejectionists have depended mainly on Iraq and to a lesser extent on Libya and Algeria, although Algeria tried not to favor any group in particular. In addition to Dr. Habash's P.F.L.P., the radicals comprise the Iraqi-sponsored Arab Liberation Front (A.L.F.), the P.F.L.P. General Command of Ahmad Jibril, and two small groups, the Popular Struggle Front (P.S.F.) and the Palestine Liberation Front (P.L.F.). Many of them believe that the Palestinians' differences with Egypt and Jordan are really as great as their differences with Israel. While the P.F.L.P. will never dominate the Palestinian movement, it has had an impact far beyond its numbers. The depth of the rejectionists' opposition to any compromise with Israel is evidenced by their assassination of men like the P.L.O.'s London representative, Said Hammami, and several others who openly talked of negotiating with Israel (see Christopher Hitchens, "Blood Feuds Among the Palestinians," *The Nation*, September 2, 1978).

Such marked differences of opinion over basic policy help to explain Arafat's own shifting position. He can still exercise overall direction of the P.L.O.'s proceedings, but with each passing year it becomes more difficult. This was seen most clearly in the new alignments formed at the Palestine National Council meeting last January. For the first time, the radicals within the council were joined by the D.F.L.P. and the al Sa'iqa in an alliance against Fatah. One of the major items on the agenda of the meeting had been an agreement to allow the P.F.L.P., which had pulled out of the P.L.O. in 1974, to resume its place on the Executive Committee. Arafat sought to increase Fatah's numbers on the Executive Committee in proportion to the additional P.F.L.P. representation, but was unable to muster the necessary votes. In order to prevent an open split within the P.L.O., the P.F.L.P.'s return to the Executive Committee was postponed and Fatah's domination of the committee continued. To demands by the radicals that he dissociate himself from "reactionary regimes," Arafat lashed back: "You may well attack these regimes, but I received $67 million in 1978 from Saudi Arabia for the struggle in the occupied territories and every day I have to fill the bellies of 230,000 people in Lebanon."

The radicals and hard-liners within the Palestine National Council were able to make common cause against Fatah in part because of the new alliance between Syria and Iraq which removed the need for the rivalry between the D.F.L.P. and al Sa'iqa and the Iraqi-backed radical groups—who had always had more in common than they could publicly admit.

This power shift inside the Executive Committee of the P.L.O. has placed Arafat on the defensive. As long as he is excluded from the Camp David structure of peace negotiations, he cannot produce anything concrete for his constituency. And so he has been, in the words of Sadat, "running after the Americans to establish a dialogue." If Arafat were to win U.S. recognition—even the kind of unofficial de facto recognition that would derive from face-to-face talks with U.S. officials—his hand against the rejectionist bloc inside the P.L.O. would be greatly strengthened. Indeed, it can be said that the political strength of the rejectionist bloc in the post-Camp David period stems precisely from Arafat's exclusion from the Washington-orchestrated negotiations. Knowing that Washington refuses to deal with Arafat has confirmed the arguments made by the rejectionists that any hint of a willingness by the P.L.O. to negotiate will be peremptorily rejected by the Israelis.

Arafat, after all, has engineered a number of shifts in the P.L.O.'s official position. One of the more significant of these occurred back in 1974 when the organization officially adopted the Transitional Program, which advocated that the P.L.O. assume sovereignty over *any portion* of "Palestine" subsequently liberated. The Transitional Program, drafted by Hawatmeh, does not supersede the P.L.O.'s National Covenant calling for a secular state in the whole of "Palestine." But Hawatmeh and others have frequently interpreted the program as meaning that once a sovereign Palestinian state is created in the West Bank and Gaza, "armed struggle" will be abandoned and a peaceful assimilation of the Jewish state sought, a gradualist approach that will take several generations. This strategy has been strongly supported by Abu Iyad, the deputy chief of the P.L.O., who recently said, "As for myself, I maintain that there will be no more subversive Palestinian activities the day we have a state to run, and above all to safeguard. Extremism will vanish from our ranks, even from those of the [rejectionist] front. . . ."

Abu Iyad's "revolutionary" statements elicited no response from the Israeli Government. They were reported so cursorily in the Israeli press that few in Israel knew about them. Then, on January 12, 1979, an article by Meir Merhav appeared in *The Jerusalem Post*, an independent centrist paper. Merhav's article, entitled "Falling on Deaf Ears," criticized the ostrich position of the Israeli Government. "The latest instance of this contradictory obliviousness," Merhav wrote,

> is the virtual silence, on the part of the government, politicians and the press, about the statements by Abu Iyad in the forthcoming book, *Palestinian Without a Country*. His statements that the P.L.O. will settle for a Palestinian mini-state on the West Bank and Gaza, that it will accord at least *de facto* recognition to Israel, that its main immediate goal is to obtain a locus for Palestinian national identity—no matter how circumscribed—are not essentially new. Nor is it news that all statements and resolutions to that effect have been consistently ignored by Israel. What is new in these statements is, first of all, the personality and authority of the person making them. Salah Khalaf, better known by his *nom de guerre* of Abu Iyad, is no less than the Chief of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Operations of Fatah, the P.L.O.'s controlling organization. He is Yasir Arafat's deputy and the archterrorist of the organization. When Abu Iyad declares that, upon the establishment of a Palestinian mini-state, the P.L.O. will forswear acts of terrorism and subversion, the declaration is at least worth listening to.

Abu Iyad's statements do not stand alone. In January 1979 a delegation of Americans, including Alan Solomonow, director of the Middle East Peace Project, met in Damascus with Farouk Kaddoumi, director of the political department of the P.L.O. leadership. An account of their meeting was reported in *Yediot Aharonot*, one of Israel's larger, more conservative papers.

Kaddoumi said that the P.L.O. could accept the autonomy concept if Israel would recognize the P.L.O. and Palestinians who live outside the West Bank and Gaza. The P.L.O. would agree to consider autonomy if: (*1*) instead of a transition period of five years until the establishment of a permanent status for the West Bank and Gaza, the transition were three years; (*2*) instead of Israeli forces in the autonomous area during the transition period, there were international forces, perhaps under United Nations auspices, and (*3*) the debate on the final status of the West Bank and Gaza at the end of the transition period were to leave open the alternative of a Palestinian state.

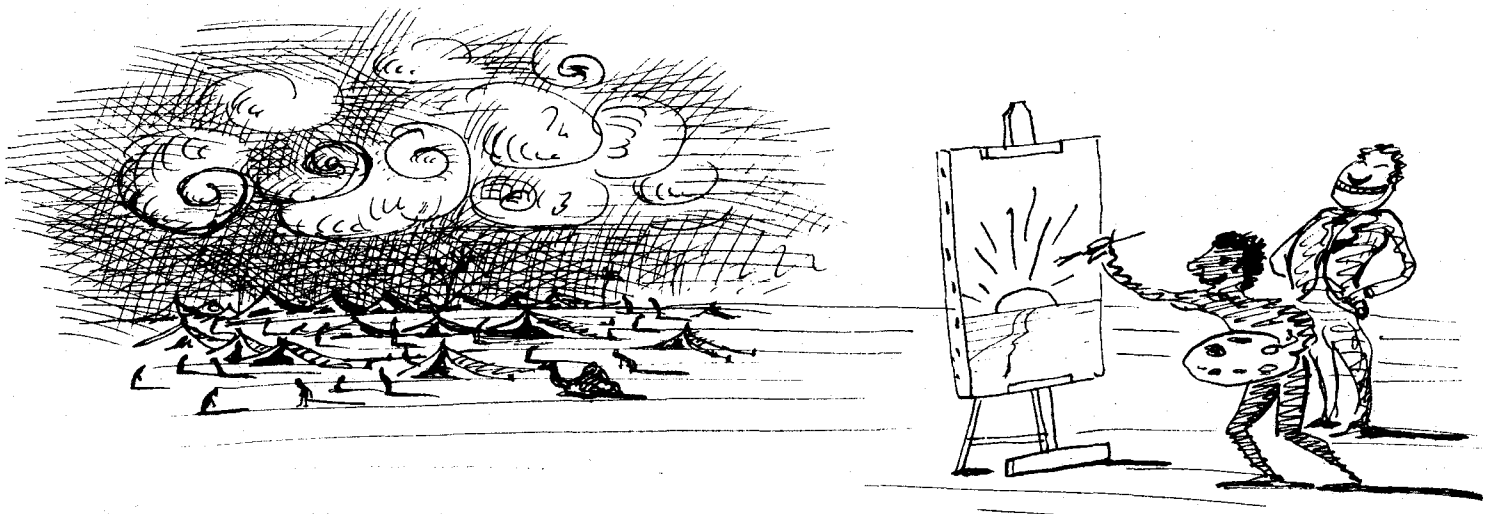
Kaddoumi denied that the P.L.O.'s present position is solely tactical and that once it gets an independent state it will then seek to absorb all of Israel. "We are willing," he said, "to agree to any international security guarantees and promises that Israel will demand." And then, in words similar to those Arafat used in speaking to Representative Paul Findley in January 1979, he said: "As soon as we have a state, we shall recognize Israel's secure borders and Israel's right to live in peace." He went on to say that some kind of gesture by Israel—an announcement of a willingness to make a symbolic withdrawal from the West Bank, for example—would produce a meaningful shift within the entire P.L.O. and enable the moderates to assume a more visible role.

One more example in this vein will suffice. In the autumn 1977 issue of the P.L.O.'s *Journal of Palestine Studies*, Sabri Jiryis, head of the Israel section of the P.L.O. research center in Beirut, cited a resolution approved by the Palestinian National Council at its thirteenth session in Cairo in March 1977, calling for the establishment of an independent Palestinian state "*in part of the territory of Palestine*" (author's italics). He says this indicates that a considerable change has taken place in the attitude of the Palestinian national movements in general and the P.L.O. in particular. Nearly two years later, Jiryis told the Solomonow group, "Our official position is: A Palestinian independent state alongside Israel. The issue is trying to get a reaction from the other side."

The negotiations with the Palestinians will be arduous and may take years. An atmosphere must be created at the negotiating tables that will allow wounds to heal. Creating that atmosphere is in some ways as important as agreeing on boundary lines.

In Israel and Egypt, a great deal of time is being spent at present on the meaning of the word "autonomy," but not enough on the word and concept of "occupation." As the year goes on, the occupation will intensify; new settlements on the West Bank will incite new terrorism by the Palestinians. The recent Israeli decision to allow private citizens to buy land in the West Bank can only be seen by the Palestinians as a further provocation. The occupation is an occupation in the true sense of the word. Demonstrations are forbidden, children participating in peaceful protests are roughly treated, land and property are easily expropriated from Arabs under the pretext of national security.

Prior to 1976, one might have argued that the P.L.O. did not truly represent the Palestinians on the West Bank. But that view was dispelled by the West Bank mayoralty elections (won almost completely by candidates publicly pledged to the P.L.O.) and by the present political currents in the West Bank, most particularly by the political activism of young Palestinian students at Bir Zeit University. The new West Bank settlements are the best recruiting device the P.L.O. ever had. The mayors of the West Bank, along with the government in exile, uniformly rejected the Egyptian-



ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israeli peace treaty. The only mayor on the West Bank elected in 1976 without P.L.O. support, Elias Freij of Bethlehem, called the Camp David accords "a legalization of Israeli occupation." The peace treaty has thus further succeeded in uniting the Palestinian Arabs.

Some feel that Prime Minister Menachem Begin has gone as far as he realistically can. He was elected primarily for his domestic policies and the probabilities are that his party will, because of domestic policies, lose the next election. Inflation is rampant and the Government seems helpless. The Israeli peace movement's growing influence was recently underscored when Moshe Dayan resigned in opposition to Begin's hard-line stance in the autonomy talks.

One cannot avoid the prospect that at some point, Israeli leaders will be sitting down for face-to-face negotiations with Palestinian leaders. A comprehensive peace settlement cannot be achieved without Palestinian involvement. In the harsh light of world opinion, Israel's refusal to talk with the only organization that claims to speak for the Palestinians looks increasingly untenable. Arguments against talking to "terrorists" miss the point—particularly so when you realize that there are many within the P.L.O. willing to lay down their guns in return for a mini-state in the West Bank and Gaza. The very complexity of the P.L.O., its internal factions and ideological differences, suggests that opportunities exist to influence the course of Palestinian leadership. Those who wish to see the survival of the state of Israel, as I do, should not let these opportunities pass. □

SAFEGUARDS & CIVIL LIBERTIES

Nuclear Power and The Constitution

JOHN SHATTUCK

There are many facets to the growing national debate over atomic power, but probably none is more important than the impact nuclear development is beginning to have on civil liberties. Because the nuclear debate has centered around more visible and immediate issues of environment, health, safety and weaponry, civil libertarians skeptical about the constitutional dimension of these issues have generally stayed on the sidelines. Recent events may have changed that. Secrecy, official deception, violations of due process and political spying have emerged as major byproducts of nuclear power.

One dramatic example is the nuclear Watergate that occurred when the Government systematically deceived the public for twenty-five years about the effects of nuclear testing on the health of soldiers and residents in Nevada and Utah in the early 1950s. They were told they were participating in a great public experiment and that fears of health hazards were "Communist-inspired scare stories." Documents disclosed in Congressional hearings last spring showed that the Eisenhower Administration followed a policy of deliberately misinforming the public about the dangers of low-level radiation. This was as serious an abuse of power as Watergate, and far more lethal.

Secrecy and official deception have also been spawned by commercial nuclear development. *The New York Times* reported earlier this year about a man in upstate New York who worked for the Nuclear Materials and Engineering Corporation, a subsidiary of Atlantic Richfield Company. The man had been asked to go into a crawl space in a silo holding 1,700 tons of high-grade uranium ore to see how the silo could be emptied. He incurred a huge overdose of low-level radiation, and six months later contracted massive cancer of the intestines, liver and spleen. After his death, two men claiming to be Federal agents came to his widow's house and demanded his employment records, saying they were classified. Meanwhile, the company refused to turn over to the widow many of her husband's medical files, asserting that they had been lost or misplaced. In short, responsible officials seemed to be going out of their way to cover up what may have been a typical case of low-level radiation poisoning.

We have also learned about another kind of secrecy in *The Progressive* case. The broadest and longest prior restraint in American history was in effect during much of 1979 against a magazine seeking to publish information obtained from public sources about the H-bomb. The Carter Administration's secrecy mania in this case proved to be even greater than the Nixon Administration's in the Pentagon Papers litigation. Government lawyers sought ratification by the courts of a new "born classified" theory intended to impose an official hammerlock on all information pertaining to nuclear weapons.

Next, we have learned about major due process violations in the licensing and operation of unsafe nuclear power plants:

§ The breakdown of procedural regulatory authority in the Three Mile Island crisis last March was epitomized by a comment of Nuclear Regulatory Commission chairman Joseph Hendrie recorded during one of the commission's closed meetings at the height of the crisis: "What's that amendment that protects freedom of the press? Whatever it is, I'm against it." In late July, the much-publicized Citizens' Advisory Panel, which President Carter set up after Three Mile Island, was disbanded after only one meeting because the panel was demanding too much information from the N.R.C.

§ An indication of the public's attitude toward procedural shortcuts in nuclear regulation was the $10-million jury verdict last March for the family of Karen Silkwood, a worker in an Oklahoma plutonium reprocessing plant who had sued the company for a wide variety of health and safety violations, and who died in an automobile accident that occurred under highly suspicious circumstances.

John Shattuck is a legislative director of the American Civil Liberties Union and the head of its Washington office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, in recent months reports have surfaced about increasing political surveillance of opponents of nuclear power by nuclear power companies and local, state and Federal agencies.

One rather bizarre example of this last involved an apparent effort by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents to discredit a Congressional investigation of the Karen Silkwood case. Pete Stockton was a staff investigator for the Congressional Subcommittee on Energy and Environment, chaired by Representative John Dingell. The subcommittee had conducted an inquiry in 1976 into some of the allegations being made by the Silkwood family and supporters of their case. A year later, F.B.I. documents discovered in a pretrial hearing revealed that derogatory, unsubstantiated information about Stockton, Dingell, Silkwood and others had been recorded and disseminated by the F.B.I. One of the documents asserted that criticism of nuclear power through the Silkwood case was "Communist-inspired."

These recent disclosures can be put into perspective by posing a not-very-farfetched hypothetical example. The manager of a plutonium plant receives a note from an organization claiming that it has stolen some highly lethal plutonium and is preparing to pulverize it over a heavily populated area unless the plant is permanently shut down. Many employees of the plant are known to have had access to the missing plutonium. At least one of them must have helped the outside group. The question is: how far should the police go to force a confession and obtain the missing plutonium before the group could carry out its threat?

Given the extraordinary nature of a terrorist threat involving plutonium, some would say that objections on civil liberties grounds to such investigative techniques as mass searches and even torture should fall by the wayside. In the wake of such an incident, political pressures would mount to develop a draconian security system to forestall a rash of nuclear terrorism. In fact, these pressures have long been building. During the Middle East war in 1973, for example, a secret order was given to all Federal guards on U.S. nuclear transport vehicles to shoot to kill any suspected saboteur.

On a more general level, security clearance systems are being created by the nuclear power industry in many parts of the country. The results of a study conducted last year by Ralph Nader showed the difference between the security programs of nuclear and nonnuclear power companies. Twenty-four nuclear utilities spent nearly $3 million to hire private detectives and investigatory agencies, while fifty-six nonnuclear power companies spent less than a total of $10,000 for these purposes. According to *The Atlanta Journal*, the Georgia Power Company poured more than $750,000 in 1976 into nuclear security measures. It was reported last year that this money was used to run an extensive political spying operation from an unmarked office in downtown Atlanta. The local Nader organization and the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia were said to have been among the targets.

The Dangers of NUCLEAR WAR

FRANKLYN GRIFFITHS & JOHN C. POLANYI, eds.

Nuclear war may be no more than twenty years away. Experts from around the world, including Georgi A. Arbatov, McGeorge Bundy, and Lord Zuckerman outline the increasing possibility of nuclear war before the end of this century and issue a pressing call for action.

$15.00 cloth, $5.95 paper

"The problem of controlling the nuclear threat has lost nothing of its fearsome reality. I hope, therefore, that this well-documented discussion based on the 30th Pugwash Symposium – which has impressed me with its seriousness and depth of insight – gains the attention of statesmen around the world." **Willy Brandt**, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany 1969-74

"The book should be read by all who have not given up their concern for the future of our civilization and our species. Its readers will obtain a clear picture of where we now stand, how we got there, as well as see that there are safer, saner courses of action through arms reduction." **Jerome Wiesner**, President, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Available at bookstores, or

University of Toronto Press
33 East Tupper Street,
Buffalo, NY 14203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paralleling these developments at the local level, the Federal Government is currently struggling to come to grips with the imperatives of nuclear security. In March 1977 the N.R.C. unveiled for public comment the first Government security clearance system ever to be proposed for an entire industry. The proposal, not yet finally approved, calls for intensive F.B.I.-type "full field investigations" to be used to probe the "character, associations and loyalty" of every person working in a nuclear power plant in the United States. These investigations would be patterned after inquiries now employed only at the highest level of the Government to screen people for access to the most sensitive classified information.

But the nuclear-industry program would be different from existing security investigations in several fundamental ways. These differences are clearly set forth in a 1975 report, "The Impact of Intensified Nuclear Safeguards on Civil Liberties," prepared by John H. Barton, an N.R.C. consultant and Stanford University Law School professor. First, the commission has made it clear that it wants to screen out people whose politics or associations are too controversial for nuclear employment—in other words, those who are disloyal to nuclear power. Such a program would thus go much further than existing security clearance procedures which screen out possible agents of a foreign government, and would intrude directly on constitutionally protected freedoms of speech and association. Second, the proposal would extend a relatively limited Government program to an entire private industry. Even then, it is not clear how far it would have to go—in fact, it would be illogical not to require the investigation and surveillance of anyone who transports nuclear materials, or who lives on a nuclear transportation route, or within the vicinity of a nuclear power plant.

The proposed system could lead to a massive invasion of privacy and First Amendment rights. The N.R.C. rule would permit Federal investigators to interview friends, neighbors, landlords, past employers and anyone else in the search for all manner of private information, including evidence of homosexuality "or other sexual perversion"; mental illness or treatment; "prior advocacy without subsequently established rejection of totalitarian, fascist, or Communist" beliefs; association with any organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government; and for anyone having immediate relatives living in "a nation whose interests may be inimical to those of the United States, or in satellites or occupied areas thereof."

When all the evidence about a person had been gathered, the N.R.C.'s standard for granting or denying a clearance is so vague that it would be very difficult to challenge a denial. The regulations say only that "[t]he decision to grant or deny special nuclear access is a comprehensive, commonsense judgment, made after consideration of all relevant information." There is no definition of "relevant information."

And this is not all—the N.R.C. recently asked Congress to amend the Freedom of Information Act to exempt any information about nuclear "safeguards." Apparently, it wants to put the entire nuclear industry under a blanket of secrecy so that working in a nuclear plant would be like working on the Central Intelligence Agency's *Glomar Explorer*.

This, then, is the dilemma that nuclear development poses for civil liberties: to effectively safeguard nuclear materials it may ultimately be necessary to alter our constitutional framework. The dilemma is dramatically highlighted in a draft of the Government's "Federal Response Plan for Peacetime Nuclear Emergencies," prepared in March 1976. What happens if there is a "peacetime nuclear emergency," like the meltdown of the reactor core at Three Mile Island, or the theft and detonation of some plutonium from the Barnwell plant in South Carolina? The Government assures us that:

> Planning efforts for responding to an emergency involving a serious dispersal of radioactive contamination or a nuclear detonation in peacetime will be directed not only toward physical survival, but also toward the preservation of the basic political, social and economic system and values of the affected area. Consequently, every effort will be made to:
>
> (*a*) Minimize, both in scope and duration, any restrictions, as required by circumstances, of the exercise of constitutional and other basic rights and liberties;
>
> (*b*) Preserve and/or reconstitute, as soon as possible, representative constitutional government.

Environmentalists have long called attention to nuclear pollution of the physical environment. But nuclear development may cause an even greater pollution of our legal and constitutional environment. Courts and legislatures and other legal institutions in the United States have sometimes restricted constitutional rights because of the apparent necessities of the times. For example, there were tremendous negative pressures on civil liberties during World War II, and the anti-Communist hysteria of the McCarthy era. But these pressures—dangerous as they were—were relatively short-lived because the historical factors that caused them were temporary. This may not be the case with nuclear development if it proceeds on a large scale, and that is why the impact of nuclear power on civil liberties is so profoundly disturbing.

The Question of Intervention
Extra Low Prices for Bulk Orders!

Demand for this special 56-page issue of *The Nation* was so heavy that we ordered another printing. Special low rates for bulk orders:

_____10 copies $9 _____100 copies $50
_____50 copies $30 _____1,000 copies $300

Name _____

Address _____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The issues raised by nuclear power are not easy but there can be no doubt that they are civil liberties issues. There may not be a constitutional right to a safe environment but if our system of freedom means anything at all, we must not allow ourselves to curtail the First Amendment, abolish the right to privacy or cut back on the guarantee of due process to satisfy an insatiable desire for energy. After all, it may be better to read the Constitution by candlelight than not to read it at all. □

PLAYING FOR HIGH STEAKS

The Meat Price Tip Sheet

WAYNE SWANSON

Every day, a small group of men in a ramshackle old brownstone on Chicago's Near North Side determine what we will pay for the steak we have for dinner. No space-age computer technology assists their calculations, no panel of economic advisers—not even any hard facts. The prices they dictate are mainly determined by what happens to be going on in the heads of these few men on a particular day. The price consumers pay for meat products is what they say it will be, and don't bother asking them why.

Consumers, already groaning under prices that have made meat the most costly food product, may be paying as much as $1 billion a year extra on their meat bill because of this primitive, inaccurate and easily manipulated system. Ralph Nader, who has begun to investigate the situation, says that meat prices result from a "hidden form of price fixing using a third party to bilk millions of dollars a year from consumers at the meat counter. Yet it has received less attention from the press than a corner grocery store burglary."

Evidence against the meat pricing system is mounting. An investigation by the House Committee on Small Business last year found that the vast majority of meat prices are fabricated by one reporting service. The suppressed version of a United States Department of Agriculture study of meat pricing states that a few large packers nationwide dominate the pricing system, conceivably giving them the power to manipulate the market. The study also raises the possibility that these packers may have the power to influence livestock futures trading as well. Another recent U.S.D.A. report states that information on who is buying and selling meat has become "so scattered, so fragmented and so limited that it is difficult to say what happened in the market on a given day." A report by the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress, puts it more simply—meat prices are set in an "information vacuum."

The stakes are high. An increase of just a penny a pound on carcass beef prices means $900,000 a day to packers nationwide. Some critics contend that wholesale prices are routinely pushed up 2 to 5 cents per pound. By the time that meat is sold at the supermarket, the cost to consumers may burgeon to hundreds of millions of dollars a year. Exactly how much consumers are being ripped off is unknown, because the price-setting mechanism baffles even those in the meat industry.

The implications are startling, considering that the meat industry, with sales of $37.5 billion annually, is the second largest manufacturing and processing industry in the nation, behind the automobile industry. However, consumers buy meat products every day, unlike automobiles. Yet the system that determines the prices they pay has not advanced much beyond where the New York Stock Exchange was when it was conducted beneath a tree. Imagine that the prices quoted on the stock exchange were gathered by a few aging men who merely called a few buyers and sellers on the telephone to figure out prices. And imagine that the daily stock tables listed only the closing prices—no highs, no lows, no volume traded. And imagine that everyone buying or selling stock had to agree to accept whatever price would be listed in next week's stock table—with no opportunity to negotiate.

That is precisely the system used to determine the prices ranchers are paid for their livestock, the prices packers charge for carcass meat and the prices supermarkets charge consumers for everything from roasts to hot dogs. Every day, in that Chicago brownstone, the reporters for the *National Provisioner Daily Market and News Service,* or as it is more commonly known, the Yellow Sheet, are setting the price of meat. Four men gather beef prices and two more gather pork prices. Six others gather incidental information for the Yellow Sheet and another market report. Although they don't even own a WATS line, these men are supposedly on the phone all day, talking to buyers and sellers across the country, compiling prices in 337 wholesale meat categories, from "U.S. Grade Carcasses" to "Beef Variety Meats"; "Skinned Hams," "Bellies" and "Picnics" to "Tallows and Greases" (edible and inedible). Critics charge the survey has become a liar's contest, with sellers trying to feed Yellow Sheet reporters high prices and buyers low prices in an attempt to influence the market. (Supplying price information to the Yellow Sheet is voluntary, so traders are likely to report only what is in their best interests.) The critics also complain that since the Yellow Sheet gives no indication of high price, low price or volume, its figures are of limited value. They point out that one small trade late in the day can end up setting the next day's market, even if that trade is far out of line with the prices reported earlier in the day—or even if that one trade is the only trade of the day.

Still, an estimated 15,000 meat industry subscribers pay $170 a year to receive the Yellow Sheet. It is the bible of the meat business. Intended as a guide to help traders arrive at the proper wholesale price for meat products, it has become far more authoritative. Quite simply, the Yellow Sheet sets

Wayne Swanson, a freelance writer living in San Diego, is writing a book on the meat industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the prices for as much as 90 percent of the meat traded on an average day.

The Yellow Sheet has the power to set prices because most buyers and sellers in the meat industry don't bargain directly with one another. Instead, they trade on what is called the "formula basis." They agree to pay whatever a private price reporting service—almost always the Yellow Sheet—lists as the closing price on the day of delivery. It's like agreeing to buy 1,000 shares of I.B.M. at whatever is listed as the closing price in the newspaper two weeks from today. Twenty years ago, only a smattering of trades were made on the formula basis. Now, industry sources generally agree that 70 to 90 percent of all wholesale meat transactions are formula-basis trades. And the formula price is the base used in determining livestock and retail prices as well. For the industry it is a simple way to trade large quantities of meat daily. But for the consumer it can be a rip-off. Critics say the system kills the incentive for buyers to push for the lowest possible price. "What do you care what you're paying as long as your competitor pays at least the same price," says one investigator. Formula pricing is common in the trading of commodities. But only in the trading of eggs is the practice as widespread, and the dependence on one price reporting system as great, as in the meat industry.

The volume of formula trading in the meat industry makes an accurate reporting service imperative. The evidence is that the Yellow Sheet's accuracy is dubious. The House Committee on Small Business last year studied the actual work sheets used by the Yellow Sheet reporters to record trades, and found that 80 percent of the prices quoted in the Yellow Sheet could not be backed up by the work sheets. An average of 75 percent of the time, prices were quoted although the reporters had been unable to uncover any trades. These unsubstantiated prices changed from day to day—569 prices continued to change over a twenty-five-day period during which no trades had been reported. An additional 5 percent of the time, prices didn't jibe with what the reporters had recorded on their work sheets.

The committee also found that Yellow Sheet prices, even when they were backed up by trades, were based on a minuscule volume of trading. An average of only 4 percent of the total trades daily were surveyed by the Yellow Sheet reporters, which the committee contends is an inadequate sample. In fact, the number of trades openly negotiated has dwindled to the point where some in the meat industry fear that even if the Yellow Sheet were to cover all the open-market trades, it still wouldn't have reliable information upon which to set prices. Committee chairman Neal Smith of Iowa concluded that "All concerned in the multibillion-dollar meat industry are now faced with the fact that prices are being determined noncompetitively, virtually in the upstairs room of a Chicago trade publication building rather than in an open, competitive process."

Smith is a leader in the fight to reform the meat industry. He has introduced the Fair Meat Trade Act of 1979, which would impose criminal penalties for reporting false sales to a pricing service, require the reporting of all sales and the licensing of reporting services and call on the U.S.D.A. to explore alternatives to the present system, especially computerized trading.

Although the U.S.D.A. is the Government department responsible for regulating meat trading, it has until recently virtually ignored the problem. In addition to the concerns about inaccuracy, charges that the Yellow Sheet is manipulated have circulated for years, yet the U.S.D.A.'s Packers and Stockyards Administration has never charged a packer with attempting to manipulate a price reporting service.

The continuing complaints have forced the department to begin an investigation, but so far its handling of the results has been disappointing. The Packers and Stockyards Administration commissioned a study of beef pricing, but after it was completed and sent to Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland in October 1978, it was suppressed and the 3,000 copies were ordered destroyed. A toned-down version was finally released in December. While the revised report indicates little cause for alarm, one of the few copies of the original report that escaped the shredder tells a different story. The original report supports most of the House Committee on Small Business's findings that the Yellow Sheet sets prices even when no trades have been reported. It also points out that the number of trades used to set prices in each category is either "none or small"—at no time were more than seven trades used to determine the market in any one category. In addition, the report states that eight major packers nationwide provided more than half the information used by the Yellow Sheet to set prices. It states that those packers were also heavily involved in cattle futures trading and after one of the few days the eight packers did not report any trades to the Yellow Sheet, the market declined and the packers liquidated their futures contracts for a combined profit of $822,780. The report doesn't allege any illegality in these activities, and it doesn't investigate the possible correlation between wholesale meat pricing and futures trading. But it raises questions about the potential for market manipulation and suggests a possible link between control of the Yellow Sheet and control of futures trading that, the report indicates, should be studied further. These questions were deleted from the revised report, although the raw data remain.

Subsequently, the U.S.D.A. appointed a task force to continue studying meat pricing. The task force issued a report in June that backed development of a pilot computerized meat trading system to improve pricing accuracy, but otherwise refused to make recommendations with any teeth to correct pricing problems.

The man with the most to lose from the various investigations is Lester Norton, the crusty 70-year-old publisher of the Yellow Sheet. He has spent much of the last few years denying charges against the Yellow Sheet and attacking Representative Smith, his most troublesome critic. He calls the findings of Smith's committee "scandalous and vicious." He told me: "Unfortunately, our work sheets were never set up for the purpose of providing something from which one could reconstruct an issue of the Yellow Sheet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are merely a convenience and a tool for our reporters to use in combination with the knowledge they have in their own heads to arrive at the market they quote every day." However, in sworn testimony before Congress and in speeches to industry groups, Norton has stated that his reporters write down all trades and that the information in the Yellow Sheet is not "judgment" or "opinion."

Despite the growing complaints, many packers and cattlemen still go along with Lester Norton and his Yellow Sheet. While many have doubts about the pricing system, they fear the cost of setting up any new system. They also fear change in general, and Government involvement in particular. At a U.S.D.A. task force hearing in Omaha in April, the spokesman for one livestock association spoke for many throughout the meat industry when he said that "cattlemen distrust Government even more than they distrust Lester Norton."

But some in the industry are beginning to fight. More than a dozen suits have been filed charging that the Yellow Sheet is the tool used by major packers and supermarket chains to fix prices. The precedent for those suits was set in 1975, when a Federal jury in San Francisco found the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company guilty of conspiring to fix meat prices, and set damages at $32.9 million. (That judgment was later reduced to $9 million in an out-of-court settlement.) Although the Yellow Sheet wasn't a defendant in that case, testimony showed that it is a tool that "may be manipulated to exploit an illegal design," according to the Appellate Court review of the case.

A growing number of Government and even industry officials are saying that the only way to clean up the situation is to replace the present pricing system. Development of a computerized trading system has emerged as the most promising alternative. Even the U.S.D.A., in a report requested by Smith's Committee on Small Business, said the technology is available to institute an efficient computerized system, although industry acceptance could be a major problem. In October Secretary Bergland endorsed computerized trading and said the U.S.D.A. would encourage its development. A computerized system would instantly link buyers and sellers by means of portable computer terminals and give traders accurate information on prices and volume for better judgments of the market. Computerized trading may be a more efficient system for trading most commodities. Already, prototype systems have been developed for the sale of cotton in the southwest United States and for hogs in Ontario, Canada.

One proponent of computerized trading is William Albanos, managing director of the *Meat Sheet,* a price reporting service that tries to compete with the Yellow Sheet. The accuracy of Albanos's sheet is generally respected, but its influence is minimal and Albanos has been kept on the verge of bankruptcy by the dominance of the Yellow Sheet. Albanos calls the pricing system he is a part of "indefensible." "It's the only thing that operates today, but you can't defend it." He is now proposing a computerized system of his own that could eventually be extended to all livestock and perishable products. Tests of Albanos's system are expected to begin before the end of the year.

The mounting complaints may finally force a change in the pricing system for meat products. But change comes slowly in an entrenched industry, and it will most likely be two or three years before any new system could begin operations. Industry acceptance could take much longer. In the meantime, consumers wheeling their carts up to the meat counter are justified in grumbling about prices. There is no logic to them. They don't make any sense. But right now, there is little consumers can do about high meat prices, short of becoming vegetarians. □

FARBER RECONSIDERED

Reporters Have Rights Too

JAMES C. GOODALE

A year has now passed since *New York Times* reporter Myron Farber was released from jail after being found in contempt by a New Jersey court. It is doubtful, however, that the date is circled on the calendar of any civil liberties organization. Support from such organizations during the *Farber* case ranged from tepid to downright frigid. Yet this was a case that Prof. Benno Schmidt of the Columbia University Law School—a constitutional scholar known for his evenhanded approach to press issues—recently called an "outrageous miscarriage of justice."

At the time, however, civil libertarians like Aryeh Neier could write in *The Nation*, "Now that Myron Farber has been released from jail and will get a hearing . . ." ["The Rights of Farber's Sources," September 16, 1978] and go on to express some doubt as to the legitimacy of Farber's claim. In fact, Farber never had a hearing to determine the legal and factual issues he raised.

It has largely been forgotten that the privilege Farber claimed was clearly granted reporters by a New Jersey "shield" statute. One can always argue, of course, about whether a statute is constitutional or the privilege has been waived, but it is indisputable that this particular statute specifically protected Farber's possession of his notes, whether or not they were confidential. Yet the trial court completely ignored the language of the statute and ordered an in camera inspection of Farber's materials in order to determine whether the statute applied. The ruling was nonsensical—Farber was entitled to the possession of his notes until a factual determination had been made that the statute had been waived or a legal determination that it was unconstitutional. When lawyers for *The Times* requested a hearing to argue these questions, they were summarily refused.

James C. Goodale is vice chairman and general counsel of The New York Times Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another crucial question also required a hearing. Assuming that the statute did not apply, *The Times* argued that Farber was nonetheless protected under the First Amendment unless it could be shown Farber's notes were highly relevant and material to the defense of Dr. Mario Jascalevich, who was accused of a number of curare poison murders, and could be obtained from no other source.

At the time of the *Farber* case, the very same argument was being made to the Wisconsin Supreme Court on behalf of a reporter whose notes had been subpoenaed by a defendant in a murder case. The Wisconsin Supreme Court decided this case before Farber's appeal reached the New Jersey Supreme Court. It decided that a reporter did *not* have to turn over his notes, because the defense had not proved that the notes were material and relevant and that alternative sources had been exhausted.

Nor were Farber's and the Wisconsin cases unique. More than a hundred cases involving reporters' privileges had been argued in state and Federal courts throughout the country since 1970, because—contrary to popular belief—the question was largely left in the air by the U.S. Supreme Court in the *Branzburg* case, in which it decided by a 5-to-4 vote that reporters were required to testify before grand juries when they witnessed a crime. Justice Lewis Powell's opinion was considered decisive, but it was so narrow that it could not be applied to cases like Farber's.

As a result of Powell's opinion in *Branzburg*, it is no secret that the strategy of the press has been to raise the question in court state by state and to seek to expand the ruling. The objective is to establish in each state a *qualified privilege* for reporters under the First Amendment. Under this privilege, no reporter could be required by a court to produce testimony or documentation unless there is a showing of (*1*) a high degree of relevance, (*2*) materiality and (*3*) exhaustion of alternate ways to obtain the same information. At last count, sixteen state courts and nine out of the ten Federal circuits have granted the qualified privilege, and it has been rejected outright in only three states. At the time of the *Farber* case, the New Jersey Supreme Court had not ruled on the issue—because no case raising it had reached the court.

It may be recalled that before Farber's case reached the New Jersey Supreme Court, he had been jailed twenty-seven days and *The Times* fined $286,000. The New Jersey courts had refused to stay his jail sentence or *The Times*'s fines despite the statute, and the contempt and fines continued to run until John Degnan, the Attorney General of New Jersey, asked the New Jersey courts to stop them. He made the request because after reviewing the case, he believed *The Times*'s procedural arguments were correct. It seemed to me at the time—and it still does now—that the Attorney General's action was most unusual and courageous, since under ordinary circumstances one would expect that his duty would be to defend judges, not to admit in open court that they have erred.

When the Appellate Court denied the Attorney General's motion to stop the fines and free Farber, he appealed directly to the New Jersey Supreme Court. His appeal was granted and finally Farber got out of jail and the fines ceased. The New Jersey Supreme Court was left to determine (*1*) whether the New Jersey shield law covered Farber and (*2*) whether a hearing should be held to determine if Jascalevich needed Farber's information. Not surprisingly, the New Jersey Supreme Court decided the shield law did protect Farber, but went on to rule that the shield law was unconstitutional as applied in this criminal case. While one can disagree with this conclusion, as I do, it did lead the court to take up the second *Times* argument that even if the shield law was ineffective, Farber was still protected by the First Amendment. Here the New Jersey Supreme Court agreed that reporters could not be required to produce their notes in criminal cases unless a showing of relevancy and exhaustion of alternate sources was made. New Jersey then became the sixteenth state (including the District of Columbia) to adopt the limited privilege rule.

That was the good news; the bad news was that the New Jersey Supreme Court said its ruling did not apply retroactively to *The Times*. Why? Because the hearing *The Times* sought was not necessary; the trial court knew from the record of the case that the information was needed and therefore a hearing on the question was a waste of time. Yet, the court admitted, such a hearing would be necessary in the future if another reporter claimed a similar privilege. Writing for *Newsday*, Aryeh Neier called this ruling "curious."

The ruling is certainly more than that—a great deal more. I agree with Professor Schmidt that it was a miscarriage of justice. Logically, the court should have ordered the hearing Neier assumed in his *Nation* article that Farber would have, returned the fines to *The Times* and started all over again. But that would have meant admitting that the New Jersey courts had been wrong all along in jailing Farber. Returning the fines to *The Times* would have been easy enough to do, but how could the court have realistically returned Farber's freedom to him?

I defy anyone to study the *Farber* record and conclude that procedural due process was applied. Unfortunately, however, few have taken the trouble to study the case. *The Times* was on strike at the time, and the reportage by the wire services was quite confusing. When the case is explained to civil libertarians, the explanation is met with disbelief. They hold the pervasive assumption that in a clash between the First and Sixth Amendments, the Sixth Amendment rights of the defendant must prevail, forgetting that Farber—who went to jail after all, without a fair hearing—has Sixth Amendment rights too. This same myopia may be the reason we have not seen a story in *The Nation* or elsewhere by a civil libertarian beginning, "Now that Farber has *not* received a hearing. . . ." While reasonable men may disagree as to the precise nature of the journalist's privilege, one would have thought everyone would agree that reporters are entitled to a hearing before being shipped off to jail—particularly when there is a statute that states they are totally protected and when there are scores of decisions upholding the claim of privilege even where there is no such statute. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

There's a Heaven Somewhere

MARGO JEFFERSON

JUST ABOVE MY HEAD. *By James Baldwin. Dial Press. 597 pp. $12.95.*

Like the performers he so often writes about—musicians, actors and preachers—James Baldwin has been revered, abused, fawned and presumed upon; like them, he has alternately encouraged and disdained such treatment. His audience, through the years, has been what he once called "the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks"; amid the "racial nightmare" of America, he wrote, such a group must, "like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others." But with his presence and intelligence—commanding, intense, theatrically moral—it seemed as if he might create that consciousness single-handedly.

His early work comprised a declaration of independence: from the literary inner city where everybody wrote protest novels and tracts about The Negro Problem; from the literary suburbs where "universality" and "craft" were touted as desirable but as yet unattainable goals for Negro writers, and from the insistent political radicalism and verbal realism personified by Richard Wright, the paterfamilias of black writing. Baldwin's first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, chronicled, in a lyrically dramatic style, a young boy's anguished attempts to break free of the spiritual burdens imposed by his father and his church. It was hailed, according to the Dial Press in a period piece of publicity, as "the first novel about a Negro to be written from a non-racial point of view." His first collection of essays, *Notes of a Native Son*, established a persona as remote from Bigger Thomas as the soaring airplane Bigger gazes on with such longing and resentment. Bigger was a symbol of the Nigger, in Baldwin's words—"black, benighted, brutal, consumed with hatred." Baldwin was a symbol of what people admiringly called "an extremely articulate Negro." He argued with passionate, formal eloquence. He wrote of Europe as well as America, of whites as well as blacks. His essays were both dignified and confessional—how exciting it was, in the 1950s and early 1960s, to see that an articulate, courteous Negro could also be emotionally honest about racial matters. "I want to be an honest man and a good writer," he said. But he was destined to be made a credit to and a spokesman for his race as well.

The former is a 1950s notion, the latter a 1960s one. Neither is very useful for Baldwin. For despite his absorption in culture's complexities and conundrums, despite his indictments of racism, his deepest impulses are religious, mythological and romantic. Certain themes emerge again and again in his work: that race does not exist, finally, except in a moral dimension; that we are one another's history and thus cannot abuse one another without abusing ourselves; that salvation and damnation are real, and depend upon our ability or our failure to love. Race and sex are the arenas in which we fight for love. Our racial and sexual histories are the opponents that must be bested. When a Negro faces white Americans he knows "he is bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. They have loved and hated and obsessed and feared each other and his blood is in their soil." The role of the Negro is related to the concept of God. "To be with God is really to be involved with some enormous, overwhelming desire and joy and power which you cannot control, which controls you. . . . I conceive of God, in fact, as a means of liberation and not a means to control others." Whites dread being judged by blacks for the same reason that love "is so desperately sought and so cunningly avoided. Love takes off the masks that we fear we cannot live without and know we cannot live within." Even rebellion springs from love: "To be an Afro-American or an American black is to be in the situation, intolerably exaggerated, of all those who have ever found themselves part of a civilization which they could in no wise honorably defend . . . and who spoke out of the most passionate love, hoping to make the kingdom new, to make it honorable and worthy of life."

In *The Fire Next Time* Baldwin writes, with resignation, that the Black Muslims have chosen to unite on the basis of color. "Perhaps one cannot ask for more," he adds. "People always seem to band together in accordance to a principle that has nothing to do with love, a principle that releases them from personal responsibility." But love is the principle that binds people in his novels—love between fathers and sons, men and men, men and women; love among blacks and love between blacks and whites. It is usually threatened: society stifles the parental love we expect and thwarts the romantic love we seek. Familial love, in Baldwin's books, has a sweetly elegiac quality. Erotic love, heterosexual and homosexual, has the dramatic, ecstatic fervor a preacher employs when describing the glories of heaven. For Baldwin, as for D.H. Lawrence, sex is a comprehensive metaphor—too comprehensive, I fear. Still, it is wrong to accuse him of lacking a historical sense; that sense is apocalyptic, not analytic. History provides the landscape and weapons for our spiritual battles. The battles themselves take place in another dimension, where words like truth and freedom replace those like politics and economics. The most intense moments in Baldwin occur when we enter another country of the soul and the senses; when we climb to Giovanni's room; when Beale Street tells a story that transcends poverty, murder and prison. "Up above my head," as the gospel song goes, "I hear music in the air/And I really do believe there's a Heaven somewhere."

Just Above My Head is a love song, as Hall Montana, its narrator, says—a love song to his brother, Arthur, a brilliant gospel singer, dead at 39 in the men's room of a London pub. "Do you know friend, how much a brother loves his brother, how mighty, how unanswerable it is to be confronted with the truth beneath that simple word? And do you know, how much my brother loved me? how much he loved me! And do you know I did not know it? did not dare to know it, do you know? No. No. No." We come to know a great many things in the course of this 597-page novel, though rarely as thoroughly as we would like. Hall and Arthur grew up in Harlem in the 1940s and 1950s in a solid, loving black family. Their father

Margo Jefferson, formerly of Newsweek, *teaches journalism at New York University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

played piano in a local bar; their mother did domestic work for a family in the Bronx. When we first meet them, Hall, about 18, is working as a shipping clerk and going to night school while Arthur, seven years younger, has begun to sing in a gospel quartet with three neighborhood friends. We meet the Millers, friends of the family. Julia, an exasperatingly precocious 9-year-old preacher, is exploited by her weak, greedy father and feared by her weak, timid mother. Jimmy, her resentful 7-year-old brother, is largely ignored. Julia and Hall will eventually fall in love, as will Jimmy and Arthur. And in the meantime the Trumpets of Zion quartet must tour the South; Julia must leave the ministry and endure sustained abuse from her father; the Korean War, the Nation of Islam and the civil rights movement must play their parts. Throughout, Hall insists, Arthur, gifted and affectionate, remains "the apple of my eye. I worried about cops and billy clubs and pushers, jails, rooftops, basements, the river, the morgue: I moved like an advance scout in wicked and hostile territory, my whole life was a strategy and a prayer: I knew I could not live without my brother."

Arthur bears the central moral and emotional burden in the novel. He is an artist, burdened by the responsibilities talent imposes—"It's going to burn him up, burn him up every hour that he lives," says his father. And the talent of a black artist is not a private gift but a legacy; the voice of a people expressed through an individual. Arthur is homosexual as well, hence the object of sexual fears and bigotries; continually fearful of his family's—and by extension, his people's—reactions. And as Arthur's talent nearly succumbs to the crassness and opportunism of show business, so his capacity to love nearly gives way beneath insults, harsh judgments and what he believes to be desertion. "Arthur got hurt, trapped, lost, somewhere in there," mourns Jimmy. "I had to deal with some of his old friends, lovers, leeches, from Paris to London to Amsterdam, to Copenhagen: all Arthur wanted was for the people *he* respected to respect *him*—the people who had *made* the music, from God knows who, to Satchmo, Mr. Jelly-Lord, Bessie, Mahalia, Miles, Ray, Trane, his *daddy*, and *you*, too, motherfucker, *you*! It was only when he got scared about what *they might think of what he'd done to their song—our* song—that he really started to be uptight about our love."

A great deal rests on Arthur and it is a shame he is more a presence, loved and lamented, than a character. How one wants to see the course of his life detailed, not only invoked: the gradual awareness, then the mastery, of his talent; the risky crossover into pop music (think of Sam Cooke, Clyde McPhatter or Aretha Franklin); the fear of losing touch with his gift as he leaves first the church, then the country. One wants to see and feel Harlem in the 1940s and 1950s as well, and know exactly what goes into Hall's management of his brother's career. Baldwin's dramatic and reportorial skills seem dulled and languid. One is reminded often of things he has done better before—usually in his essays. The gospel quartet's tour through the South is described by Hall as if from a great distance. But how sharply the uncertainties and irritations of Northern teen-age singers going South were described in Baldwin's essay "Journey to Atlanta." And with the same device too—for there Baldwin used his brother David's journal and here Hall uses Arthur's recollections. How clearly the racial postures of the 1950s and early 1960s are caught in *Nobody Knows My Name*; now they are declaimed in sudden speeches and bits of dialogue, with occasional errors (as when one man speaks of Washington as "racist"—a term not used in the 1950s, when "prejudiced" dominated our conversations). Scenes and streets drift by. We are told time and again, in the range of tones Baldwin has at his command—the exhortative, the contemplative, the outraged, the soulful—about Emotion; we are too rarely shown the emotions themselves. I believe, for instance, that Hall loves his brother. But I would like to be told less and shown more.

Baldwin is still at his best when dramatizing passion, and here, *Just Above My Head* is wholly successful. He does not present homosexual love as forbidden or titillating. As race encompasses moral conflicts and possibilities that all people of character must face, so homosexuality encompasses the pains and pleasures that people seek in love. He does not allow readers to indulge in exotic fantasies.

In reading the Baldwin of the last eleven years—starting with *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*—I think of a musician who has taken to reworking his innovations insistently and carelessly. I think of Mahalia Jackson, grown pious and rather florid on her later albums, as if chaperoning the music through the great halls of Europe and America. And I think of two of Baldwin's contemporaries, Norman Mailer and Truman Capote. All three have style and charisma that too easily dwarf substance and encourage self-caricature; all have played at being archetypes and lapsed, periodically, into stereotypes. Finally, I think of Richard Wright, about whom Baldwin wrote with such ambiguous affection and respect. "First America, then Europe, then Africa failed him," said Baldwin in "Alas, Poor Richard." "He had survived exile on three continents and lived long enough to tell the tale." I am glad Baldwin is returning to America. I am curious and eager to hear the tale he has to tell. □

Subcultural Chic

JOHN ROMANO

THE RIGHT STUFF. *By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 436 pp. $12.95.*

Tom Wolfe is a shrewd satirist who has begun to seem one-sided. There are scenes we'd love to have from him that he's somehow never gotten around to: lunch at the Yale Club, for instance, or, better, a cocktail reception for a Russian dissident somewhere near the United Nations. His great and entertaining gifts for *épatement* are expended instead on the venal soul of the nation's cultural left. I confess that I opened up *The Right Stuff* in the hope that this tendency might be rectified. John Glenn, in particular, seemed to me to warrant as hard a time as Wolfe gave Leonard Bernstein in *Radical Chic*, so it was a disappointment to find Wolfe saying about Senator Glenn what everyone says about Jimmy Carter—that he's really as decent and earnest as he seems. The sort of exposé I had hoped for just isn't what Wolfe is up to here.

What he *is* up to in *The Right Stuff* is

John Romano is a writer and critic who teaches English at Columbia University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what he's always up to when he isn't exposing venality of soul, and that is unearthing a subculture. *The Right Stuff* is being hawked about as the story of America's first astronauts, but the astronauts themselves are only part of a semisecret society of men who, trained as fighter pilots, ascend ultimately toward the testing of the fastest, newest and, therefore, most hazardous aircraft. To Wolfe, such men are glamorous, arcane figures with an allegiance to a mysterious, quasi-existential ideal: "the right stuff." The idea seems to be more than bravery:

> . . . a man should have the ability to go up in a hurtling piece of machinery and put his hide on the line and then have the moxie, the reflexes, the experience, the coolness, to pull it back in the last yawning moment—and then to go up again *the next day*, and the next day, and every next day, even if the series should prove infinite.

The "True Brotherhood of the Right Stuff," Wolfe tells us, is gone now, but in its day, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, it teemed with the vigorous, self-enclosed life of an authentic subculture—and Wolfe, one recalls, is a supreme connoisseur of subcultures. The "fighter-jock" fraternity not only had its distinctive (and bizarre) values but also a distinctive argot, which Wolfe conveys brilliantly, and a distinctive, invariable daily routine, which Wolfe styles "Flying & Drinking and Drinking & Driving." But even more rigid than the daily routine, to the fighter-jock subculture, was its venerable hierarchy:

> A career in flying was like climbing one of those ancient Babylonian pyramids made up of a dizzy progression of steps and ledges, a ziggurat, a pyramid extraordinarily high and steep; and the idea was to prove at every foot of the way up that pyramid that you were one of the elected and anointed ones who had *the right stuff* and could move higher and higher and even—ultimately, God willing, one day—that you might be able to join that special few at the very top, that elite who had the capacity to bring tears to men's eyes.

The top of Wolfe's ziggurat had, conveniently, a local habitation and a name. The place was Edwards Air Force Base, and the name was Chuck Yeager. Edwards, formerly Muroc Field, was the godforsaken stretch of desert outside Los Angeles where the Army tested the first supersonic jets. It was there in 1947 that Yeager, a World War II ace, broke the sound barrier in an X-1, and did it in true fighter-jock style. In Wolfe's telling, Yeager got drunk a couple of nights before the scheduled test, and then went charging around the desert on a borrowed horse. He ended by being thrown, and busting two of his ribs. Somehow, though, Yeager managed to hide his injury from the doctors on the base, so that the test could go off as scheduled—and it did, successfully. On the basis of such stunts, the Yeager legend became so grand and influential that even his supercool West Virginia drawl began to show up in the speech of jet pilots everywhere in the country. According to Wolfe, you still hear it today, when the pilot on an ordinary airliner flips on the intercom: "Now, folks, uh . . . this is the captain . . . ummmm . . . . We've got a little ol' red light up here on the control panel that's tryin' to tell us that the landin' gears're not . . . uh . . . *lock*in' into position. . . ." It may be that, in his account of the Edwards heydays, in his description of Pancho's, the pilots' favorite hangout, and of the Flying & Drinking & Driving era, Tom Wolfe is at the top of his form. I don't know a more vivid fifty pages of nonfiction on any subject since Thomas Carlyle decided to give readers the *feel* of the French Revolution.

Wolfe has made some public noises about a novel he wants (or once wanted) to write, to be called *Vanity Fair*. Whenever he writes about fiction—and he used to do so frequently when he was defining and defending "New Journalism"—Wolfe signals his admiration for such nineteenth-century realists as Thackeray and Tolstoy and Dickens and (especially) Balzac; so that when the novel arrives we can expect that it will have chunks of unreduced, unassimilated *world* clinging to it, like Balzac's description of the manufacture of paper in *Lost Illusions*. Contemporary novels have lost that appetite for reality, Wolfe has said, so we can legitimately look to him to revive it in a novel of his own. But if he does try, there are several things that can be said about *The Right Stuff* and about Wolfe's work in general which might serve as encouragement-laced-with-warning. I'll limit myself to one.

No one else could have written this book.

With his access to both Soviet officials and Western analysts, dissident historian Roy Medvedev is uniquely well placed to cut through propaganda and cast new light on Soviet affairs. Drawing on first-person narratives and other materials not previously available, his latest book probes the personalities and policies of the Stalinist era in an indictment even more withering than his classic *Let History Judge.*

ON STALIN AND STALINISM

Roy A. Medvedev

Translated by Ellen de Kadt

$13.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016

SINCE 1478

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's about this fascination with subcultures. Wolfe seems to see society as a sort of quilt of them, overlapping but discrete. Fine. It's true, in a sense; and his realist forebears would have agreed. To go from chapter to chapter in, say, *Vanity Fair* or *Our Mutual Friend* is sometimes like visiting a series of disparate planets. Sometimes. But there is nevertheless an underlying structure to society, however threatened with fracture and discord, and these novels draw their deepest authority from a radical awareness of what lies beneath the apparent fragmentation. Where *The Right Stuff* falls short—and I had the feeling that it ended too soon, though it's Wolfe's longest—is precisely in failing to bring out the connections between the world of the fighter-jocks, the subsequent astronaut period and the broader society of which they are a part. Now Wolfe had, at one time, an almost ideological commitment to not explicating the significance of his chosen subjects; that was supposed to be one of the rules if you wanted to join the subculture of the New Journalists. What good such authorial passivity does a journalist is open to question, but to a novelist, it's safe to say, it would be almost totally disabling. Instead of *Vanity Fair*, taking an inclusive and richly varied account of a complex society, you'd have something atomized, scattershot—pleasurable reading if Tom Wolfe wrote it, but nothing like Thackeray. □

Non Est Inventus

BEN SONNENBERG

THE DUKE OF DECEPTION. *By Geoffrey Wolff. Random House. 275 pp. $12.95.*

What sort of father is best for a boy? Respectable fathers are dull. Besides, their examples are frequently false as to government, women and play. Eminent dads overbear their sons and make success unattractive, while fun-loving fathers, in V.S. Pritchett's great phrase, exhaust their male offsprings' "erotic capital." Now brig- and fathers are also exposed. According to this good-tempered book, they spoil the glamour of lawlessness by naming it a "profession." Worse, they embezzle even their sons' seditious vitality.

Geoffrey Wolff's father was just such a crook. Duke Wolff was a confidence man. Anything but a fast-talker (he had a stammer in fact), he specialized in bad paper: phony resumés, bogus checks. He went to jail more than once for fraud. "Salesmen loved him, he was the highest evolution of consumer."

Also a sadist, a cynic, a snob. He belonged as well to that complex class of American fathers, the flops. His temper was fierce, and he took it out in drinking, in cracking up cars; he told no one the truth, but preached probity and precision to his son; he "despised" black leather shoes. But the main thing about him was failure.

This interesting fact at the hands of a son afraid of sounding cruel means, instead of a comic figure, Duke Wolff is a casualty. Not that his son isn't funny. Only that being so terrifies him. He takes it back. Then he makes an excuse. Mawkishness is the result.

Still, Duke Wolff is often Falstaff (little as Geoffrey Wolff is Prince Hal), especially when Falstaff says, "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world!" He always is uttering warnings, transparently selfish, like that. He also is Captain Hook. Indeed, as presented by his son, Duke Wolff stands in relation to the classic American confidence man almost as Barrie's great villain to the pirates in *Treasure Island.*

In his brilliant satirical novel, *Peter and Wendy*, Barrie wrote:

> Hook was not his real name. To reveal who he really was would even at this date set the country in a blaze; but as those who read between the lines must already have guessed, he had been at a famous public school; and its traditions still clung to him like garments, with which indeed they are largely concerned. Thus it was offensive to him even now to board a ship in the same dress in which he grappled her; and he still adhered in his walk to the school's distinguished slouch. But above all he retained the passion for good form.
>
> Good form! However much he may have degenerated, he still knew that this is all that really matters.

Similarly, Wolff observes his father's "codes were not novel, but they were rigid, the rules of decorum that Hemingway prescribed." They seemed of a piece with Groton, Yale, Skull and Bones and the O.S.S. He wore "a gold signet ring . . . inscribed arsy-turvy with lions and flora and a motto, *nulla vestigium retrorsit*. 'Don't look back,' I was told it meant."

> A pretty history for an American clubman [Wolff goes on]. Its fault is that it was not true. My father was a bullshit artist. True, there were many boarding schools, but none of them were Groton. There was no Yale. . . . No military service . . . . The ring . . . was made according to his instructions by a jeweler two blocks from Schwab's drugstore in Hollywood and was never paid for. The motto . . . is dog Latin and means in fact 'leave no trace behind,' but my father did not believe me when I told him this.

Also (another smart detail) Wolff's father "was a Jew. This did not seem to him a good idea. . . ."

None of these aspects of social confidence, with its coefficient, duplicity, is really well followed up. Geoffrey Wolff is too busy tracking his own not exactly subtle self. He wishes his father "hadn't selected from among the world's possible disguises the costume and credentials of a yacht club commodore. Beginning at scratch, he might have reached further, tried something a bit more bold. . . ." Typically, though, his astute remark is then made an excuse: so to say, "If *only* dad had been first-rate, I'd have had an easier time." For example, going to prep school, being a parent, writing a book.

Wolff is the Paul Mazursky of this sort of filial record. Like the good-natured director of *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, he has a fascination with the second- and third-rate; an eye but no brain or stomach for satirical detail. This, though it doubtless goes far to explain why he once wrote *Black Sun*, a book about Harry Crosby, cannot excuse the lax esteem in which he holds failure here. I emphasize *lax*. Failure is a commanding theme, at least in American life. Fitzgerald, who liked failure not at all, wrote in his notebooks of speaking with "the authority of failure." But such dominion as Geoffrey Wolff has is "decent feeling," no more. He struggles for this objective; is it that difficult, though? And then he exclaims, *What a good boy am I.*

Meanwhile, of his father, law Latin: *non est inventus*, meaning "he has not been found" in Geoffrey Wolff's jurisdiction. □

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jane Street *and other plays.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK NOTES

Nonfiction

DON DAVID GUTTENPLAN

CYRIL BURT, PSYCHOLOGIST. *By Leslie S. Hearnshaw. Cornell University Press. 370 pp. $19.50.*

When Cyril Burt died in 1971, *The Times Educational Supplement* described him as "Britain's most eminent psychologist." Five years later, Burt's reputation was in ruins, with *The Times* declaring "Theories of I.Q. Pioneer Completely Discredited." Burt, whose studies of identical twins reared apart formed the data base for Arthur Jensen's racist eugenics, was shown to have fabricated figures, invented experiments and been more than imaginative in his use of statistics.

The source of these accusations was Leon Kamin, whose book, *The Science and Politics of I.Q.*, was the first return fire in what came to be known as "the I.Q. controversy." The figure of Burt himself, however, remained in the background. This has now been ably remedied by L.S. Hearnshaw, who started out to write an official biography and ended up with something of an exposé. Slightly apologetic, and always careful to emphasize Burt's contributions to psychology, Hearnshaw's conclusion that Burt was "borderline paranoid" and knowingly fraudulent in his claims is all the more damning as a result.

THE PALESTINE TRIANGLE. *By Nicholas Bethell. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 384 pp. $12.95.*

Nicholas Bethell's *The Palestine Triangle* is an account of British, Arab and Jewish relations in the years 1935-48. These were the years not only of World War II but also of the infamous White Paper on Immigration, which virtually cut off Jewish immigration exactly at the moment of greatest need. With its background of Turkish and British colonialism, revived Arab nationalism and suddenly urgent Zionism, *The Palestine Triangle* could have been politically valuable as well as historically fascinating. Instead, the book is a collection of Foreign Office gossip augmented by a thinly disguised hagiography of Israel's current leadership in which Menachem Begin and his Irgun henchmen pontificate interminably on the subtleties distinguishing "commandos" like themselves from the "child-murderers, butchers and terrorists" in the Palestine Liberation Organization.

In time-honored Tory fashion, Lord Bethell, at present a Conservative member of the European Parliament, has assembled a mass of data and then proceeded blithely to ignore it. *The Palestine Triangle* is a history of Palestine without Palestinians, the history of a former colony without colonialism.

ARNA BONTEMPS — LANGSTON HUGHES LETTERS (1925-1967). *Charles H. Nichols, editor. Dodd, Mead & Company. 576 pp. $17.95.*

This collection of more than forty years of correspondence is a delight almost in spite of itself. Charles H. Nichols's introduction manages to quote Blake, Shakespeare and Carl Van Doren in an attempt to certify Arna Bontemps's and Langston Hughes's standing in Western culture. His epilogue, while mentioning Ishmael Reed and (in 1979!) "LeRoi Jones," quotes Gregory Corso and Norman Mailer in support of Nichols's contention that the true legacy of the Harlem Renaissance was . . . beat poetry. Further, Nichols appends a *Chronology* of sociologically significant events that have little to do with the letters themselves.

Instead, there is a wealth of observation, careerist plotting and warm personal exchange between two friends trying to make their way in the American literary scene (and succeeding). We learn that Hughes was fond of baseball, Bontemps hated the cold, and both men were vain about their weight. The fact that these sons-of-the-middle-class-turned-artists were black may have gotten the letters published; the fact that they both wrote so well is what makes them worth reading.

WHITE TOWERS. *By Paul Hirshorn and Steven Izenour. M.I.T. Press. 216 pp. 300 illustrations. $17.50.*

At the very least a classic of Hamburgerology, Paul Hirshorn and Steven Izenour's *White Towers* is a paean to nickel burgers and the men who sold them. The two authors, both at one time associated with Robert Venturi, have taken a single element out of the urban strip treated in *Learning From Las Vegas*—the hamburger joint—and analyzed its permutations. Venturi's influence is obvious here, as is that of photo-artist Richard Estes. *White Towers* combines provocative thinking about corporate use of architectural symbolism with a series of startlingly beautiful photographs. The affection and robustness which the company architect Charles Johnson put into his workingmen's castles are evident on every page. □

Don David Guttenplan participated in The Nation*'s internship program. He is currently studying English literature at Clare College, Cambridge, England.*

THEATER/FILM

HAROLD CLURMAN

A prize winner and since 1977 a great hit in London, Mary O'Malley's *Once a Catholic* (Helen Hayes Theatre) is the first play of the season I really liked. It is pointedly written, generously entertaining and well acted and directed.

ENERGY WAR

REPORTS FROM THE FRONT
by Harvey Wasserman

Describes the birth of a new movement that could change the quality of life as we know it today.

From Montague and Seabrook to Three Mile Island and the gaslines of '79, Harvey Wasserman shows how antinuclear actions, starting as isolated protests, are escalating into a powerful international drive for a pollution-free solar society.

Some of the material in this book is based on articles that first appeared in newspapers and national magazines.

Cloth $12.95 Paper $5.95

From your bookstore or
LAWRENCE HILL & CO.
Westport, Ct. 06880

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the girls are named Mary: Mary Mooney, Mary McGinty, etc.—seven in all. They are pubescent students in a Catholic school in a suburb of the English capital. Never having attended such an institution, I rely on several women of similar upbringing who attest to the authenticity of what is revealed. Though many will deem the result a mockery, we cannot speak of it as "satire." It is quizzically funny—at moments rather too facilely so—with little intention to wound. It is clear that the author knows whereof she speaks as she looks back (the time is 1956-57) with rueful hilarity rather than anger.

The play's prevalent quality is an irreducible innocence. The girls are often puzzled, bored, irritated or hurt, but whatever their actions, they never forfeit their faith. The same is true of the Sisters, Mother Peter, Mother Thomas Aquinas and the others: they are "hypocrites" only in the unconscious disparity between their religious profession and their performance, but this is an almost universal trait. These teachers are narrow, usually severe (they soften their rigor with smiles) and, under the shock of strongly felt opposition, surprisingly, even touchingly, compassionate. Most frequently we find in their sincerest utterances a ludicrous obliviousness to the facts of life as manifest in the very girls they instruct.

Absolute chastity in thought as well as in deed is insisted upon, while the girls are largely preoccupied with sex in its every phase. There is innocence even in their straying: it is instinctive rather than defiant. The priest, who comes to examine the students on basic doctrine, is struck dumb when a 15-year-old student, after being called upon to name the four mortal sins, asks, "What is the sin of Sodom?" None of the Sisters will believe that the girl does not know! The truth is that, in one way or another, both the teachers and the girls have abstracted themselves from reality—which abstraction proves a source of safety and, through ignorance, of total confusion.

The cast on the whole is excellent. I was especially charmed by Mia Dillon as Mary Mooney—the most truly pure in heart of the girls—constantly dismayed in her sensibility, with a delightfully comic and endearingly sweet effect. There is a sharp line of skepticism in the mouth of Virginia Hut as the covert nonconformist Mary Gallagher; she does not resist but she does what she wants. Terry Calloway is most convincing as Mary McGinty, a girl forced into open rebellion and derision. Peggy Cass as the sternest of the Sisters and Roy Poole as the Priest, a jolly good fellow under the cloth of his emphatic dogmatism, also bring special verve to their roles.

Tom Stoppard, highly esteemed among the *cognoscenti*, is a playwright whom I think of chiefly as a university wit. What I mean by the term is his learned spark of brightness. Some ascribe profundity to Stoppard; I have not yet been persuaded. He is clever; I find his main assets to be a gift for supple verbiage, a distinct scenic flair and often brilliant dramatic notions.

In his latest lark, *Dogg's Hamlet, Cahoot's Macbeth* (22 Steps Theatre, West 46th Street), he tips his hat to Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigation*. Speech may be used, one infers, so that what is meaningful in one context may be unintelligible in another. Stoppard offers a glossary: "Plank" in *Dogg's Hamlet* does not mean a wooden board but "Ready," "Slab" equals "O.K.," "Block" signifies "Next," and "Cube" is only "Thank you." The overall impression is zany. In the parody of *Hamlet* with which this bit concludes there are some sidesplitting sight gags and juxtapositions of disparate lines from the original material.

Joined with this "Hamlet" is *Cahoot's Macbeth* which has a more serious (or "social") base. "Cahoot" is Pavel Kohout, the dissident Czech playwright. (His citizenship has been recently revoked by his Government.) Because he was for some years refused the right to have his work publicly staged, he took to having private performances—of *Macbeth* in this instance—in his apartment with actors no longer permitted to appear because they too were under official ban. Here, while scenes from *Macbeth* are being enacted, a tough-guy state inspector, speaking broad cockney, intrudes to stop the show—it is against regulations, or "normalization." More farcical hubbub ensues in clownish gibberish in the manner of the preceding "Hamlet."

A company calling itself BARC, short for British American Repertory Company—its acting personnel half one nationality and half the other—which plans a season of similar American and British fare, does the Stoppard piece with sufficient expertise.

I used to love Mickey Rooney. He even made me *cry* in *Boys' Town*. He was so fluent a player, so vital in every muscle, so genial in spirit, so at home on stage and screen, so naturally rhythmic that I never asked myself if he was "good": he was a gratifying presence.

Along with Ann Miller of the shapely legs and the engaging effrontery, Rooney is now the star of *Sugar Babies*, (Mark Hellinger Theatre) a "musical burlesque" with other companions in mischief. He still retains most of his original gifts and despite or because of his age and the added weight, his grace of movement is more evident than ever. (Although I must confess that the tiny man with the big belly struck me at times as somewhat grotesque.)

But my pleasure in the show was slight. I found no "nostalgia" for the dirty jokes I may have laughed at as an adolescent. I heard them among the kids on the street; I didn't go to burlesque shows till the Depression days—to confirm how deep the Depression was. Dirty jokes may be funny, but I found too few of that kind in this show. Here and there a refurbished old routine nudged me into brief giggles, but I could not rise

Poetry

THE POETRY CENTER OF THE 92nd STREET YM-YWHA/1979-80

$30 Membership
The Poetry Center's 79–80 Season will include evenings with:

Dannie Abse	Mario Vargas Llosa
Marvin Bell	Bernard Malamud
Edwin Brock	Mary McCarthy
T. Carmi	James Merrill
Jane Cooper	W.S. Merwin
Stanley Elkin	Judith Moffett
Tess Gallagher	Frederick Morgan
Louise Glück	Joyce Carol Oates
Gail Godwin	Tim O'Brien
Francine Du Plessix Gray	Raymond Patterson
Elizabeth Hardwick	Reynolds Price
Robert Hass	Lawrence Raab
Geoffrey Hill	I.B. Singer
Maureen Howard	William Stafford
Diane Johnson	Derek Walcott
Donald Justice	Robert Penn Warren
Edmund Keeley	Theodore Weiss
Philip Levine	Richard Wilbur
Laurence Lieberman	

POESIS
A series of lectures by prominent figures in the arts, humanities and sciences, emphasizing the transdisciplinary nature of creative thought and exploration
HAROLD CLURMAN • DR. JEREMY BERNSTEIN
LUKAS FOSS

In addition poetry writing workshops will be taught by David Igantow, Michael Ryan and Jean Valentine. Jerome Charyn will hold a fiction workshop, and Richard Howard will teach a translation workshop. Emile Capouya will lecture on the art of reading and understanding poetry

Please send me the 1979–80 Poetry Center brochure N
Name
Address City State Zip

at the Y
1395 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NYC. 10028
Write or phone (212) 427-6000, ext. 176 for information
Beneficiary UJA Federation and Campaign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the ecstasy of cachinnation among the spectators around me.

What did tickle me was a dog so smart that he stoically refused to do any of the tricks his trainer required. That dog, it struck me, was much freer of the conditioned reflex than the audience.

• • •

Andrzej Wajda's 1978 picture *Without Anesthesia* was one of the highlights of The 17th New York Film Festival. Wajda deserves all the exposure he can get: he is one of the most valuable of contemporary film makers.

One of the salient aspects of *Without Anesthesia* is that it demonstrates how to make a "subversive" film under state censorship without its condemnation. It is the ploy of an astute artist under conditions which demand great political caution.

The locale is Warsaw in the 1960s, though the "actual people and events," a program note informs us, took place there shortly after World War II. Michalowski, a successful journalist and television personality who has spent much of his career in Cuba, Chile and India during their periods of upheaval, comes back to Poland to find that his wife is leaving him for another man. The shock is especially hurtful because he has considered himself happily married, a good husband and father. The lover for whom Michalowski is being abandoned is a younger man and, more significantly, a political opponent. Michalowski's "crime" is that he has spent too much time abroad—he has lost touch with the home front, and is referred to as a "coffee-house oppositionist." Without his realizing it, Michalowski has fallen afoul of the official "line" of the moment.

Michalowksi gradually finds himself removed from all privileges and positions though no formal accusation is leveled against him. He is advised to go on a holiday, to take a rest. He is also subjected to a divorce suit with fraudulent testimony from all witnesses. We even suspect that a half-clothed woman who sits mutely in his apartment has been planted there to prove adultery. Even the estranged wife cannot bear what she sees being done to him, and tries to give up the divorce proceedings. But it is too late: the chicanery in which everyone has so treacherously participated is too disheartening: Michalowski kills himself.

All this is disclosed with utmost discretion and cinematic skill so that the film's *accusation,* though without anesthesia, is "painlessly" set forth and therefore officially acceptable under the hammer and sickle. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

Jazz and wit have not always been synonymous. Duke Ellington's worldly wise humor illuminated much of his music, but the passionate Sidney Bechet was not especially lighthearted. Lester Young, the shyest of musicians off the stand, played with subtle, supple wit that has yet to be equaled in jazz. But Coleman Hawkins, who liked to tell funny anecdotes about musicians, improvised with a magisterial command of chordal permutations that left little room for humor. He, after all, had invented the tenor saxophone and so had his place in history to protect.

After Charlie Parker, whose sense of fun tended to be elliptical at all times, there came—so some thought—a dismaying decline in jazz wit. John Coltrane, a most earnest man, took just about everything seriously, certainly his music. Albert Ayler had humor, as did Eric Dolphy, but neither was with us that long. Ornette Coleman, on the other hand, is like a wondrous autodidact who has struggled so long to make an uncertain living from his undeniably original constructs that he doesn't see much to smile about. And Cecil Taylor, whose wit can be quick and mordant in conversation, is far too busy exhausting himself and his audiences with his furious energy, every time he plays, to deflect his typhoons with touches of humor.

In recent years, however, a growing number of musicians have been combining the ability to stretch the jazz language with a penchant for occasional parody, affectionately humorous references to jazz past, and turns of line and timbre that also surprise listeners into laughter. Not that their music is in any way "entertainment" in the show-biz sense. They are as serious in exploratory and self-discovering intent as Coltrane, Coleman and Taylor; but by temperament, they don't see why their lives in music can't be like their lives at other hours.

A significant number of these wits, antic and otherwise, have long been associated with A.A.C.M. (the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music). Originally centered in Chicago, this black musicians' cooperative has served as a school (tracing the roots of the music all the way back, even to Africa), a rehearsal forum and producer of its own concerts. Five players, shaped by A.A.C.M. and shaping it in turn, make up the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Their most recent album, *Nice Guys* (ECM), is a characteristic high-energy mix of lean lyricism, cries and shouts that continually expand the music's textural range, finger-snapping swing that the elders of the jazz tribe could groove to and diverse high jinks, like a takeoff on reggae. Indeed, even when humor is not in the foreground, the overall interplay has much of that good-time feeling that used to be prevalent in swing-era small combo jazz.

The Art Ensemble's master of the revels, when the group is reveling, is trumpeter Lester Bowie. With a background encompassing carnival, circus, and rhythm and blues bands, Bowie, while a thoughtful post-modernist, also likes to entertain. In performance with the Ensemble, by the way, he often ap-

STAMP OUT DULLNESS

with books from
THE SMITH

New Year's Eve 1929
a vivid novel of recollection by
James T. Farrell 144 pgs hard-bound
$4.50

A Modern Dunciad
vivious & Profound satiric verse by
Richard Nason 116 pgs 11x7 $4

The Magic Whorehouse
provocative tales by **Thomas Tolnay**
evocative drawings by **David Itchkawich**
120 pgs 9x8 $4.25

Washington Cycle
Investigative poetry by novelist-journalist
Les Whitten 48 pgs 10x7 $4

The Smith/21
poetry-prose anthology features fiction &
non-fiction by **James T. Farrell**
in Cosmos review 244 pgs 9x6 $3

5 Beekman Street NYC 10038
distributed by Horizon Press

clip & mail

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pears in a white doctor's coat with a stethoscope in the pocket. Some of his colleagues wear robes and face paint. Others have bracelets of bells at wrists and ankles. The Ensemble is further differentiated from other jazz units by its members' predilections for ecumenical headgear, ranging from coolie hats to what might have been campaign garb from the time of the Tartars. All this is meant to add dramatic aura to the proceedings as well as, I expect, a dimension of ancestral ritual (the face paint and bells). But Bowie, without turning into Groucho Marx at the Musée de l'Homme, manages to add a singular playfulness to the Ensemble, although he can be burningly serious when the music goes that way. (For an extended introduction to the protean scope of Bowie, there is *Duet*, with percussionist Phillip Wilson, on IAI Records.)

Another group fusing extraordinary musicianship with resonant humor is The World Saxophone Quartet (on Black Saint, distributed in America by Rounder Records). Each of the players —David Murray, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett—is among those sound-explorers who have already set part of the direction for the jazz of the 1980s. When they work together, however, they create collective forms and colors that range through the entire history of jazz reed playing, although the focus is on what's coming next—in themselves and in the music.

The Quartet usually dresses in tuxedos, including tails, both because this signifies that these individual virtuosi are very much a group at those times and also because formal wear is associated with "special occasions." And they rightly consider themselves special; but not so dicty that they can't break you up now and then with very knowing comic flights. They themselves surely seem to be having a good time—which is why some people go into jazz in the first place. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The current preoccupation of film makers with bizarre, not to say supernatural, horrors (which pictures, I suspect, cater to a distraught public by seeming to defang the real horrors that darken our days) has encouraged a series of variations on the Dracula story. But Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu, the Vampyre* joins this procession only by coincidence. In the first place, it has been on his agenda for some years and, in the second, it fits so perfectly his attraction to haunting, wildly romantic themes that the surprise would be if he had failed to take up the legend. I shall be similarly surprised if one day he does not give us his version of Dr. Faustus.

Of the present film, it is being said that Herzog is closely following Murnau's celebrated *Nosferatu, a Symphony of Horror.* I can't comment on that for I never saw the 1920s picture, but the new one bears Herzog's strong stamp: it is opulently beautiful and suffused with a lyricism that gentles the horror without in any way masking it. The picture was made largely in Delft, a city of tranquil beauty that on the screen looks almost untouched by time, and Count Dracula is shown to be a suffering monster, lonely, deprived of love, yearning for the death that is denied him.

But despite the elegance and decadent tenderness of Herzog's treatment, he fails in the end to reanimate the tale. Bram Stoker's novel has by now been worn to such a cliché that it is impossible to attend it with credulity. Even the powerful Klaus Kinski is baffled about projecting the creature behind the convention. Made up to resemble a skull, with ashen face, naked head, red-rimmed eyes, rubbery lips and, needless to say, extended incisors, he swoops about in his leathery cape, waggles his four-inch fingernails and mewls piteously when deprived of the throats of his victims. It is not a role that gives an actor much room for interpretation, though Kinski does what he can with the eroticism implicit in his encounter with the utterly pure, intrepid and doomed Lucy Harker (Isabelle Adjani). It occurred to me that the repeated exploitation of Kinski's death-mask face and hulking body (Aguirre, Woyzeck) puts him in some danger of becoming Herzog's Lon Chaney. Ms. Adjani and Bruno Ganz as her bold but too readily hypnotized husband suffer, like Kinski, from the limitation of being driven not only by supernatural powers but by the demands of a shopworn romance. When Dracula, having overstayed the dawn at Lucy's bedside, finally expires from the first rays of the sun, it can be seen that her husband's front teeth have grown most abominably, and one presumably trembles at the thought that the menace of the undead has been perpetuated. But does one? Alarming dentures of this sort have been the delight of too many generations of small boys for the malformation to invoke more than a snicker.

I had forgotten, if I ever knew, that Dracula industriously spread the plague by carrying about with him coffins full of infected rats. They swarm over Delft in the closing scenes and distracted me into worrying how they would be rounded up once the filming was over. I remember that the final episode of *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* was also enlivened by an infestation of small, ratlike animals. In both cases the rodents are given so much prominence that they divert attention from the human drama. Herzog, I suspect, finds rats in large numbers at least as daunting as vampires or mad conquistadors.

Nicholas Meyer is as smart as they come and proved it with the novel and movie, *The Seven Percent Solution*, in which Sigmund Freud and Sherlock Holmes pool their specialized wits to capture a scandalously obnoxious offender against Victorian law and order. It was an ingenious gimmick, carried out with style and humor.

Now he has returned to much the same period for another go at gimmickry, writing and directing *Time After Time*, in which H.G. Wells pursues Jack the Ripper across the years from 1893 to 1979 and from London to San Francisco. Again, the jape is carried out with style and humor, and this time also with a love story, and its box-office success will confirm Meyer's talent for imaginary biographical juxtapositions. I don't advise against the film; indeed, I found it first-rate entertainment. But it is no exception to the rule that gimmicks do not improve by repetition.

In the first place, *Time After Time* was suggested, of course, by Wells's "The Time Machine," and of all the strange voyages invented by writers of fantasy, those into the past or future seem to me the least appealing. Trips to the center of the earth or to one of the more hospitable satellites of Saturn may be improbable, but trips back and forth along the path of time are logical nonsense. I can't even pretend to believe in them, so for me the pleasure of Meyer's deadpan suppositions as to how the rather cocky young Wells would react to and cope with the customs, common knowledge and basic hardware of the late twentieth century is somewhat alloyed by my irritation with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

underlying flummery. Freud and Holmes, once you accept the latter as a real person (which for most of us is easy enough), might just conceivably have collaborated on a manhunt, but the notion of Wells and Jack the Ripper pursuing each other over a hundred and some years in a galvanic sedan chair is flatly tiresome.

Furthermore, Freud and Holmes can be portrayed as a pair of uncommonly attractive sleuths, and their quarry in the film is more baroque than offensive. But Jack the Ripper is an awkward figure to appear prominently in a piece of jovial tomfoolery—those slit throats diminish the fun.

On the other hand, *Time After Time* has going for it the winning performance of Malcolm McDowell as Wells. He bears up sturdily under Wells's disappointment with the utopian tomorrow; he handles our machinery with a lucky ineptitude that would have done credit to Harold Lloyd and, when he encounters Mary Steenburgen playing a rather forward young woman with an ingénue's heart, he proves himself as successful a lover as Wells was in fact reported to be. I wasn't satisfied by the way Wells rescues his sweetheart from the clutches of the Ripper, but I was glad she agreed to go back with him to 1893. How a California career woman strongly committed to the rights of her sex would make out back in the era of gaslights, coal scuttles and the sanctity of gentlemen's clubs, I hesitate to imagine—fortunately, with my prejudice against time travel, I need not try.

Anyone who was in England in 1943 will attest to the overall verisimilitude of *Yanks*, directed by John Schlesinger from a screenplay by Colin Welland and Walter Bernstein. In those months leading up to D-day the cities and towns were indeed overrun by young American males and, since there was a coincident absence of young British males, romances flourished across the national line. For the most part, these were necessarily of the ephemeral sort known as bittersweet and that is the mood that pervades the film. The British in those days demonstrated the virtue of their celebrated phlegm, and on the whole they were surprisingly tolerant of their rather large, distinctly noisy and extremely numerous Yankee guests. The picture recognizes all that and, if you were there, it is impossible not to feel the tug of nostalgia.

Nevertheless, *Yanks* is an arrant soap opera—a "superior" one, to be sure, probably built on the British model and certainly reflecting the class distinctions of *Upstairs, Downstairs*. We are given a minor comic amour, in which a happy goof of a G.I. marries a happy hoyden of a bus conductor, but at the center of the story are two more poignant attachments. A sergeant (Richard Gere) and a postman's daughter (Lisa Eichhorn) love each other with unconsummated passion and part in touching hope for the future; an officer (William Devane) courts and wins the wife (Vanessa Redgrave) of a British naval commander, and they part with no hope at all. The one liaison is maudlin and naïve, the other stoic and knowing. Both bring out the best in everyone concerned and you identify according to your perceived station in life.

It's all pretty mechanical, shrewdly calculated to cast a wide net. As happens so often with "big" American pictures, I am astonished by the accuracy and effectiveness of the detail, the tight control of the direction, the splendor of the photography and the generally high level of the acting. But all on behalf of what seem to me shoddy ends. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Douglas Dunn's *Foot Rules*, which in late September opened the Dance Theatre Workshop's busy fall series, continues along the choreographer's old lines of excellence and strikes out in new directions, too. The most intelligent heir of Merce Cunningham, Dunn is still pushing the boundaries of unprogrammed, desystematized virtuosity. (If you're not dealing in virtuosity, you're not in the Cunningham fold.) An interest in uncharted yet complex movement is an esthetic position as well as a methodology. The latter requires the gift of imagination, and Dunn has it no less than several of his colleagues. The former engages the choreographer in a contradiction he must work his way out of. Anything is possible, but some things are more possible than others. *Foot Rules* strikes me as being utterly true to the anything-can-happen stance, yet fully shaped from moment to moment. This is what I am doing now, the dance asserts calmly. While not meaning to downplay Dunn's extraordinary imagination—any moment of the dance will attest to it, from some rudimentary but enchanting inversions of *port de bras* to a complete solo of religious imagery—*Foot Rules*'s decisiveness is one of the qualities that sets Dunn above the crowd. Another distinguishing feature of *Foot Rules* (and of other of Dunn's works) is that it does not resort to game theory or other imposed structures as a way out of chaos and/or blandness, which always lurk when choreographers are working in "styleless" style. Dunn just keeps the bodies, and the minds of the audience, moving. In spite of its title, I couldn't smell one idea, or rule, governing the feet.

Foot Rules can serve as a summation of Dunn's efforts so far to keep things moving in a habitual and arresting fashion. It also shows this relatively new choreographer moving on. *Foot Rules* is an evening-long duet. That in itself is novel. It shows Dunn freeing himself from certain Cunninghamesque mannerisms. Oh, one can still spot signatures here and there, but at this point it's fairer to call them influences than crutches. And *Foot Rules* shows Dunn becoming increasingly involved with content. The first two acts seem to be about tensions and reconciliations between Dunn and Deborah Riley. They move in overlapping rhythms. They cir-

FONDUE POT & BLOWTORCH BLACKOUT COOKBOOK

The definitive treatment of the latest culinary trend -- coping when the lights go out. Whether your choice is Lutece or McDonald's, its power may be out too. Or the snow may be as high as an elephant's eye...

An unusual gift.

To order write your name and address on a piece of paper and send it, with $3 per copy, to
The Scapin Press, Inc.
9324 Kendrick Rd.
Richmond, VA, 23235

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

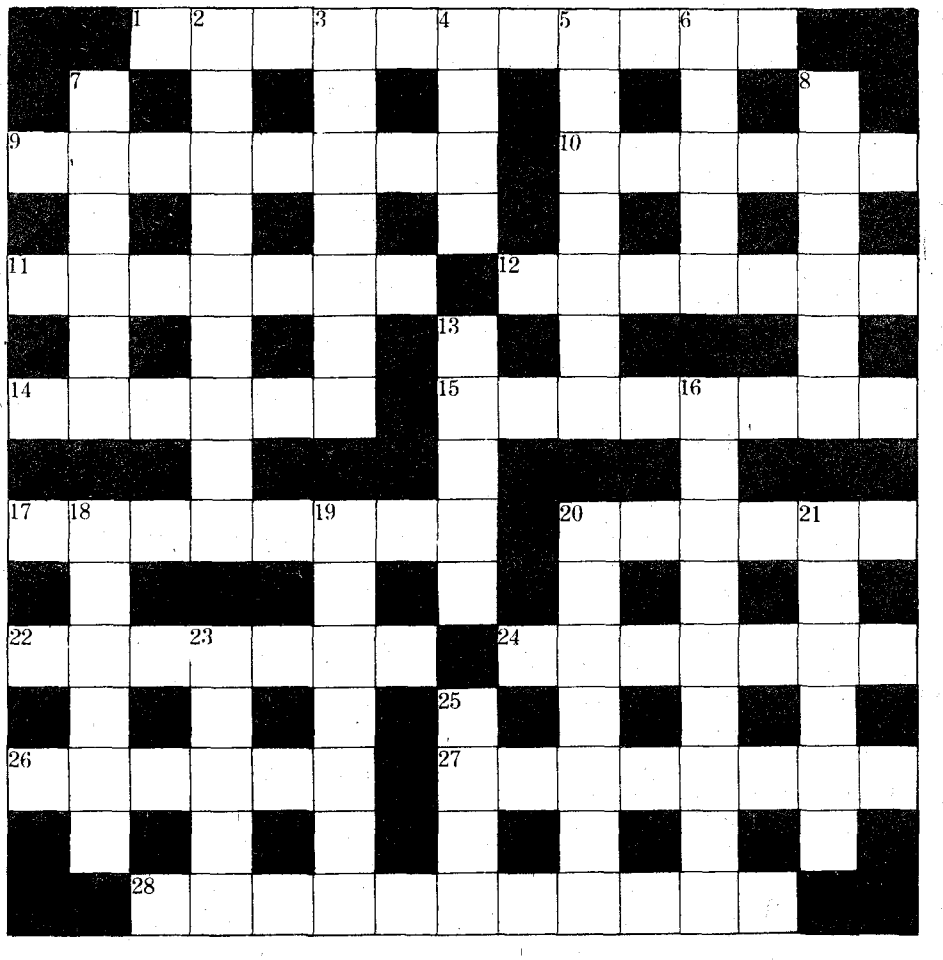
cle each other. The dancing is most developed when arranged in counterpoint; most contrived, if not intentionally fruitless, when they approximate pas de deux. In the third part they take turns at solos. Perhaps this is why this section is the least *en garde* in feeling.

I'm not sure if *Foot Rules* is about getting along and not getting along as lovers or as dancers in a studio, or if Dunn wants to equate the two situations. Nor am I sure from what sources the faintly watchful atmosphere arises. One possibility of tension grows out of the dance's irregular, dynamic rhythms. *Foot Rules* is as rhythmically charged a dance as any I've seen, to the extent that its internal music is more commanding than the sounds coming out of an electronic contraption at the side of the stage (commandeered by composer John Driscoll). A second cause of tension might reside in the nature of the movement itself. It seems deliberately devoid of follow-through and built on a rather unnatural breath-length. Dunn watches the space and his partner from the corner of his eye. Riley's hard-boned chic is emphasized. In fact, were they not doing such extraordinary things, one might not like them very much. And if they didn't occasionally ease into sensuous, delicate movement—Riley has some gorgeous moments rippling her back and rippling her balance from one foot to the other—the dance might be too one-dimensional in tone. Actually, the one flaw in *Foot Rules* is that its tone is too shadowy. It puts us on the alert but is sometimes overhesitant in informing us what we're on the lookout for. It's a private dance in the worst sense, but because of its imagination, private in the best sense, also.

This is why the dancers' outrageously public costumes and makeup were discordant. Mimi Gross Grooms put them in an assortment of ritzy gym gear, which has become as stereotypic of High Proletariat as Halston's capes for Graham dancers are stereotypic of High Greek. Grooms's layered look was topped off by strips of paint (or Band-Aids?) decorating the dancers' faces. All very mysterious, and all rendered superfluous by the considerably deeper mysteries of Dunn's dance. Grooms's clownish participation raises the question of whether Dunn can distinguish friends from opportunists. Cunningham has trouble with that too, and it's the one legacy his heirs can do without. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1794

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What makes broken hearts so red might involve 23 and 15. (5,6)
9 A taxi backs up to the train wreck, being the old Persian type. (8)
10 Used for tying up a sort of ghost around Nagshead. (6)
11 NFL casebook with a one-sided point of view? (7)
12 Immortal. (7)
14 Bring into force, as a place to look when things go down the tube. (6)
15 See 23 down
17 Nips, possibly, may be used in trying to make a point. (8)
20 Is one of these musicians reluctantly paid? (6)
22 and 13 down How, and with what, some politicians function? (4,3,5)
24 One of the self-titled Joneses. (7)
26 How a fighter might win in what may be processed for the tribe. (6)
27 Made it an alternate for what they did to Popeye. (8)
28 They may be more art-ful than the Irving example. (6,5)

DOWN

2 Hapless. (3,2,4)
3 Prepared when about to do away with a cooking implement. (7)
4 Nurse, be inclined to watch! (4)
5 Showing the action of radiant energy. (7)
6 You might find a tree by one. (5)
7 Would you get no part of such support? (6)
8 A drink might be made of one with three G's. (3,3)
13 See 22 across
16 Drink made from forbidden fruit, with something to give you a lift. (9)
18 The incarnation of a little Dominion State sailor? (6)
19 Breathe hard around the finish, and hang the result! (7)
20 Preakness here (if it isn't in London). (7)
21 Settled in at the lodging house, or more disturbed by it? (6)
23 and 15 across Run-of-the-mill swapping? One perhaps goes by the board here. (5,8)
25 Musician shortly to keep house by himself? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1793

ACROSS: 1 Alsace-Lorraine; 8 Dead language; 10 Eremitical; 11 Sago; 13 Spavin; 14 Perigeal; 16 Heeltaps; 17 Peahen; 19 and 20 Ball peen hammer; 22 Merchandised; 23 Fly to the rescue.
DOWN: 1 Address the ball; 2 Shamefacedly; 3 Calvinists; 4 Lentil; 5 Roulades; 6 Argo; 7 Brooklyn Bridge; 9 Face the music; 12 Sidesaddle; 15 Uppercut; 18 Intake; 21 Meet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

Go National with The Nation's Classifieds: You can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers throughout the United States at very reasonable rates. We charge $3 per line (54 characters or spaces)—two-line minimum. Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free! Please enclose payment and send to Lindsey Weinraub c/o *The Nation.*

PUBLICATIONS

No Nukes: Everybody's Guide to Nuclear Power, by Anna Gyorgy & friends. 478 pages, $8 postpaid. *Nuclear Madness—What You Can Do!* by Helen Caldecott. 120 pages, $4.50 postpaid. Kate Donelly, P.O. Box 271-N, New Vernon, NJ 07976.

SOCIALISM for the U.S.A.? an 80-page study by labor professor Harry Kelber, makes the idea of a Socialist America not only "thinkable" but attractive. $1.75 per copy includes handling. Write: Straight Talk Pamphlets, Box 1059, Grand Central P.O., New York 10017.

JUSTICE STANDETH AFAR OFF—incisive insights on 100 supreme court justices—$6. C. Hamilton, Aberdeen, Ms. 39730. Lifelong NATION reader.

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

PHILIPPINE SOCIETY AND REVOLUTION, examines the continuing U.S. penetration of socio-economic, political and military life of a developing nation. The Filipino people's plight to be truly independent and self-governing. $4.50 including postage. IAFP, P.O. Box 24737, Oakland, CA 94623.

Stepmothers: Ten pages of help. Copyright 1979. Send $3.00: Francine Dynsen (S), P.O. Box 975 Marblehead, MA 01945.

PERIODICALS

RELIGIOUS HUMANISM, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE Fellowship of Religious Humanists, forum for issues of religion, philosophy, ethics, the arts and sciences within a naturalistic humanistic frame. For information write: Religious Humanism, PO Box 278, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. Dept. N.

LITERARY SERVICES

RESEARCH, EDITING, REWRITING. Done by experienced librarian/editor. Reasonable. Box 225, Ardmore, PA 19003.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$500/thousand stuffing envelopes. Rush stamped self-addressed envelope. Robinson's, Box 73490 R10, Fairbanks, Alaska 99707.

ART

Own a genuine Oriental Antique Porcelain Item $60 each insured-postpaid. Others to $3,000. Bernie Berman, 755 Isenberg, Honolulu, HI 96826.

REAL ESTATE

FREE! Big Fall-Holiday Catalog! over 5,400 country properties described, pictured! Land, Farms, Homes, Businesses, Recreation, Retirement buys! Selected best thruout the United States. Over 700 offices, 43 states All Across America! Yours FREE from the World's Largest! STROUT REALTY, Inc., 1801 N. Front St., Dept. 5500, Harrisburg, PA 17102.

INFORMATION WANTED

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin is seeking personal and organizational papers, tape recordings, and photographs from participants in the civil rights and anti-Vietnam War movements for its Social Action Collection, a special collection of manuscript sources on American social movements. Interested donors please write: Sarah Cooper, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 816 State St., Madison, WI 53706.

STUDIES ABROAD

UNIQUE COLLEGE IN MEXICO

Undergraduate, graduate, adult education programs in English, Arts, crafts, Spanish, social studies, field trips. Sunshine, inexpensive living, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Institute Allende, Box F, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.

HEALTH

JOG at HOME to HARVARD'S FITNESS FORMULA: 20 min 3 times wk, all ages. 16p report $3. Blackstone, 4524 Eastview, Chicago, IL 60615.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE BOOKPLATE CATALOGUE: Bowman Printing, Dept. N, 743 Harvard, St. Louis, MO 63130.

BUY SILVER COINS at face value. Complete details $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bannon, Dept. N, P.O. Box 942, PGH, PA 15230.

CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB

Enjoy making activism and political policy-making more responsible. One-time $15 fee gives you a package of ID and promotional materials plus participation in annual "Cluck of the Year" awards and other club activities. For membership or information, write CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB, Box 174, Cardiff by the Sea, California 92007.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Free color brochure., Dept NT, Marchele Co. 720 Fort Washington Ave. New York 11040.

NATION T-SHIRTS—ON SALE NOW!!

The same T-shirts worn by The Nation's softball team are available to you for only $7.50 each. They are a stunning white-on-black design and read "The Nation" on the front, "Since 1865" on the back. Send check or money order, quantity and size (S,M,L) to: T-Shirts, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, NY. NY 10011.

RECORDS & TAPES

Soundtrack, Original LP's. Large free catalog. STAR 275, Box 7, Quarryville, PA 17566.

TRAVEL

Cruise beautiful French canals on hotelboat! Superb French cuisine. Relax on sundeck or cycle alongside while floating through Burgundy. Visit picturesque villages and chateaus. Individuals or charter group (maximum-12). Paris pickup. HORIZON, 215 N. 75th, Belleville, IL 62223, 618-397-7524

VACATION RENTALS

HISTORIC OLD SAN JUAN. Charming restored studio. Complete kitchen, linen service, A/C, TV. $225 weekly. Brochure: Gene Brown, Calle Cristo #53, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00901.

PERSONALS

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Steve (212) 232-5500.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

ARE YOU STUCK?

Alive Polarity Therapy uses Balance • Responsibility • Surrender • Honesty • Committment • Caring • Nature and Service in its panoramic approach to understanding the psycho-physical relationships in life. Individual and group programs, led by a large professional staff, offer a unique environment to grow in. **FREE** details from **ALIVE**—Star Route, Box 86S • Olga, WA 98279 • (206) 376-2291. Cont. U.S. 800-426-8876 • WA State only 800-562-8848

CONTACTS FREE TO MEMBERS !!! Send Stamp. Club West, Box 5546, Santa Monica, California N.

WANTED: Two (2) ladies who would like to travel the country in a limo. Must be sweet, loving, able to read a racing form, and drink a quart every day. Call 914-967-9807. Ask for Frank or Dave, anytime.

Young woman with a keen a[illegible]ciation of the finer things in life seeks on-the-go, generous man for a sophisticated part-time liaison. Write The Nation Box 8112.

I delight in light streaming through Cathedral windows, sipping Amaretto out of crystal goblets, inhaling the perfume of honeysuckle and reciting Captain Carpenter. Looking for agile, intellectual male in mid-30s to share the same. Write The Nation Box 8.

The toilet flushes and so do my hopes for a loving relationship with a sensitive N.Y. professional woman in her 30s. If you want to be my plumber, write The Nation Box 6.

Casey G.: I beg you to put your return address on your letters. Also, don't send them to my office without marking them "Personal." You have no idea how difficult things are to explain. Aaron.

WANTED: Female singer/songwriter, 18-22, to work up a successful punk-folk antithesis to Sonny & Cher. Working knowledge of Colette's complete poems unnecessary. Write The Nation Box 97.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Interview with a 114-Year-Old Magazine

Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

Well, I feel better than the old *Saturday Evening Post.* Ben, I used to call him—you know, after Ben Franklin. . . .

You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's.* Always muck, muck, muck. *Liberty.* Nice fellow, *Liberty.* "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks.* Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running.* One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People.*

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

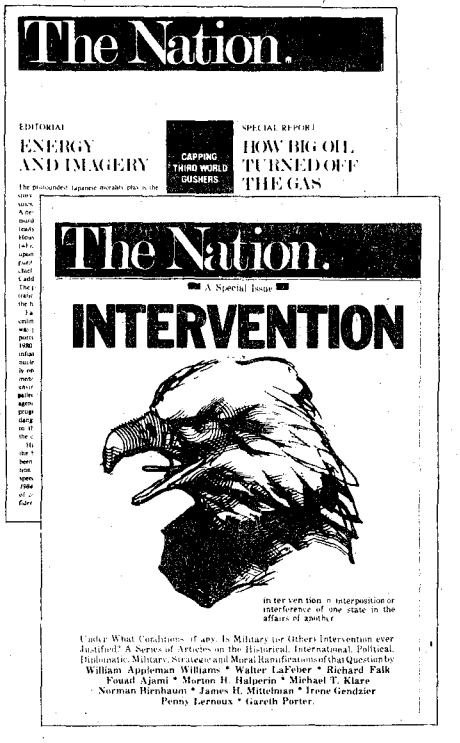
Reading. Exercising my mind. I get a lot of good wholesome fresh opinions and nourishing non-doctrinaire radical and liberal politics. Four or five tough articles every week, plus some good hardball editorials that give my conscience a daily workout. Then I top it off with an intellectual cold shower of invigorating reviews of books, plays, art, music, dance, architecture, television, the media.

What have you learned in your 114 years?

One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

That's good advice.

Don't take my word for it. Read THE NATION and think for yourself. In fact, send in the attached coupon that my insistent publisher includes with all my interviews.


The Nation.
EDITORIAL
ENERGY AND IMAGERY
CAPPING THIRD WORLD GUSHERS
SPECIAL REPORT
HOW BIG OIL TURNED OFF THE GAS
The Nation.
A Special Issue
INTERVENTION
in ter ven tion n interposition or interference of one state in the affairs of another
Under What Conditions, if any, Is Military (or Other) Intervention ever Justified? A Series of Articles on the Historical, International, Political, Diplomatic, Military, Strategic and Moral Ramifications of that Question by
William Appleman Williams * Walter LaFeber * Richard Falk
Fouad Ajami * Morton H. Halperin * Michael T. Klare
Norman Birnbaum * James H. Mittelman * Irene Gendzier
Penny Lernoux * Gareth Porter.

The Nation.

72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of *The Nation* at the low introductory rate of $9.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. For saving you billing costs I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 (special discount offer) for one full year (47 issues).

*Add $5 for postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign subscriptions. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2041

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED